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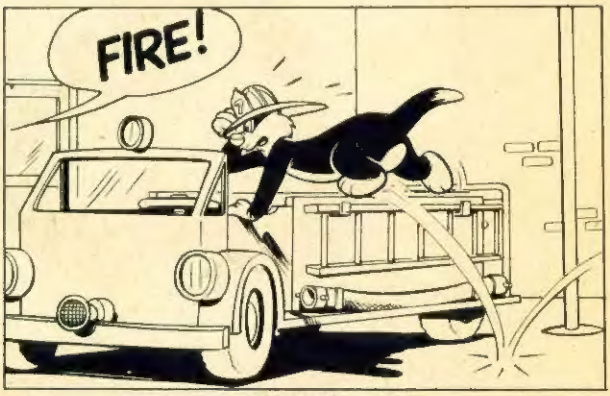
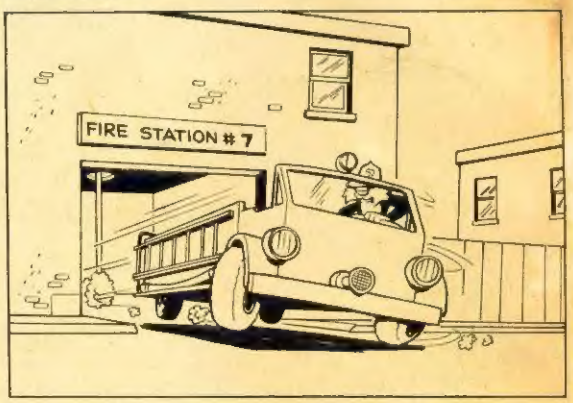
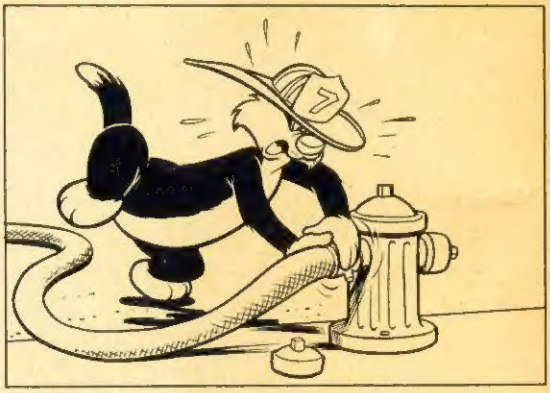
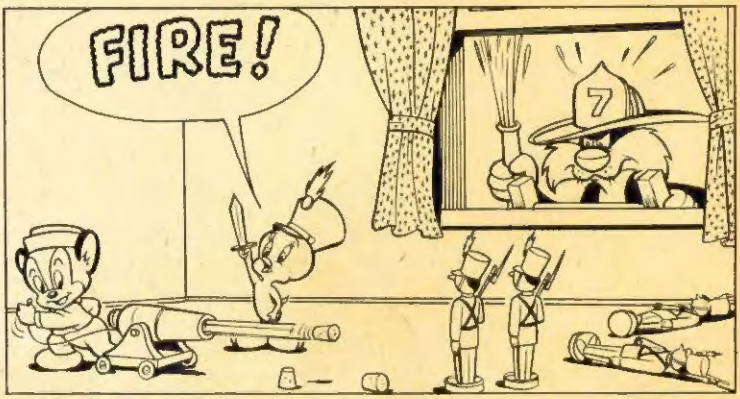
TWEETY and SYLVESTER









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PRESENT

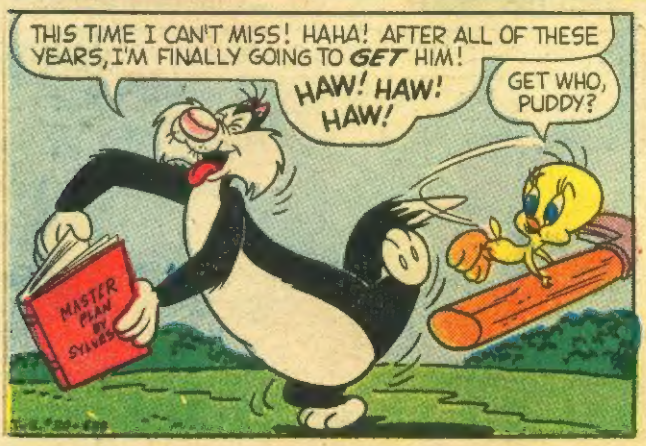
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

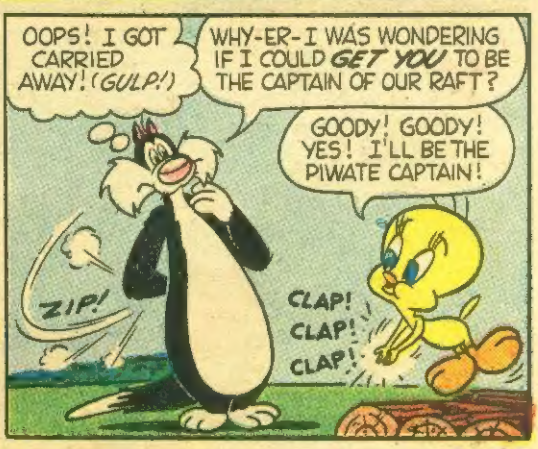
in

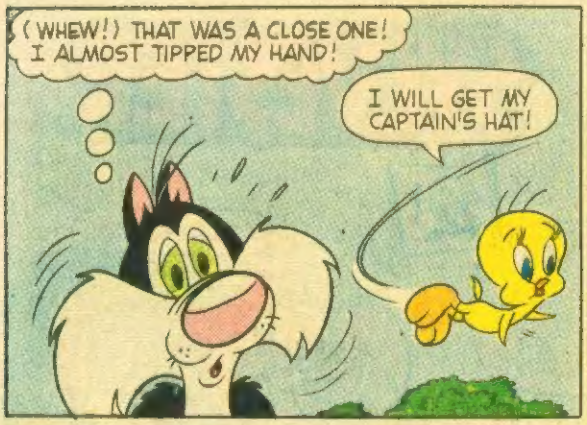
TRIPPED-UP TRICK

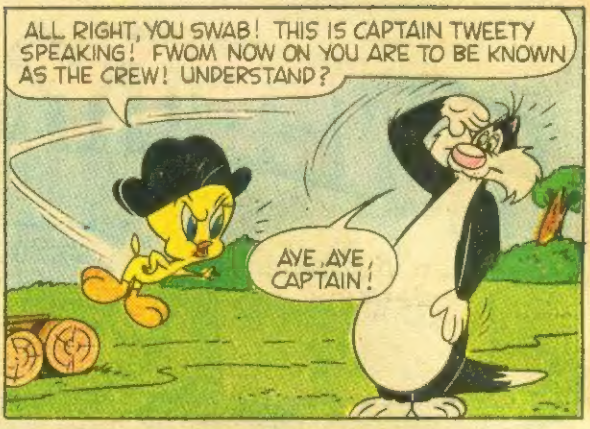
GEE, BUILDING A WAFT SO WE CAN SAIL DOWN THE WIVER AND PLAY PIWATE IS THE BEST IDEA YOU'VE EVER HAD, CLEVER OLD PUDDY!

I THINK SO, TOO!






(WHEW!) THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE! I ALMOST TIPPED MY HAND!
I WILL GET MY CAPTAIN'S HAT!


ALL RIGHT, YOU SWAB! THIS IS CAPTAIN TWEETY SPEAKING! FWOM NOW ON YOU ARE TO BE KNOWN AS THE CREW! UNDERSTAND?
AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN!

OKAY THEN, TAKE THAT, YOU OLD CREW, YOU!
WHAP!
OUCH!

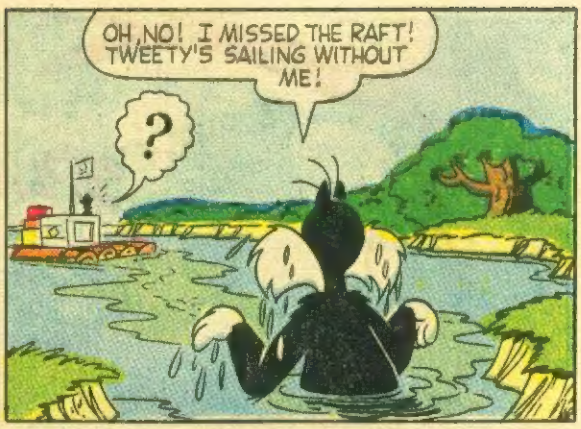
HEY! WHAT WAS THAT FOR?
HOLD ON, PUDDY! US PIWATE CAPTAINS HAVE TO SHOW THE CREW WHO'S BOSS, DON'T WE?

NOW LOAD THOSE SUPPLIES ON THE WAFT, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
YES, SIR!
THE LITTLE SAP IS MAD WITH POWER, BUT I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM LATER!

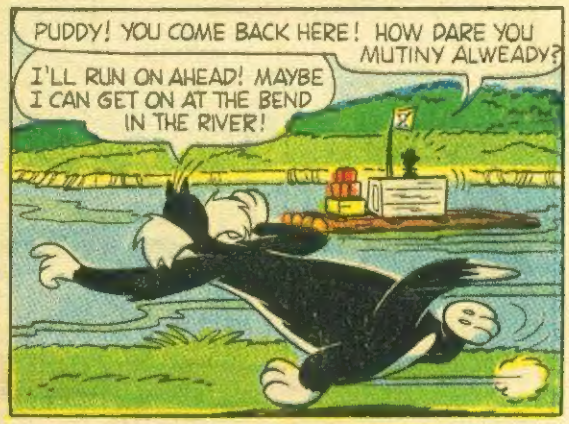
ISN'T IT FUN PLAYING PIWATE, WITH ME BEING THE CAPTAIN, PUDDY?
DELIGHTFUL! (PUFF! PUFF!)

WE'RE ALL LOADED! PUSH US INTO THE WATER, PUDDY! WE SET SAIL IMMEDIATELY!
AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN! HANG ON! HERE WE GO!

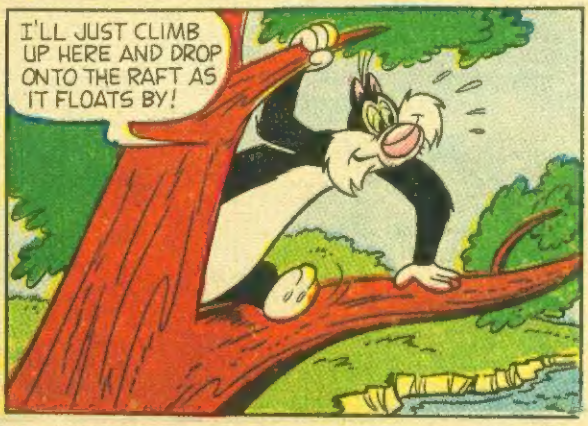
NOW I'LL JUST HOP ON AND...
AWK!
SPLASH!


OH, NO! I MISSED THE RAFT! TWEETY'S SAILING WITHOUT ME!
?

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, BUT QUICK! MY MASTER PLAN TO EAT TWEETY WON'T WORK IF I'M NOT WITH HIM!


PUDDY! YOU COME BACK HERE! HOW DARE YOU MUTINY ALWEADY?
I'LL RUN ON AHEAD! MAYBE I CAN GET ON AT THE BEND IN THE RIVER!

AH! THE LIMB OF THIS TREE HANGS OUT RIGHT OVER THE RIVER!

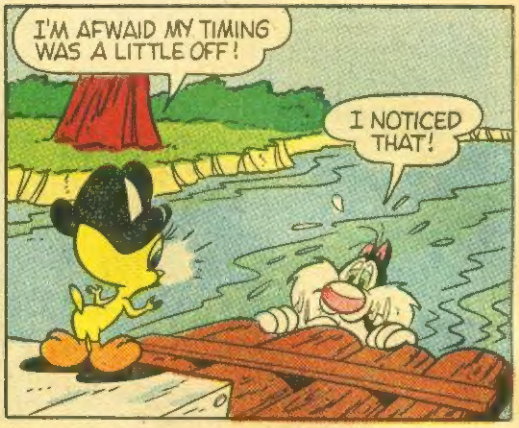

I'LL JUST CLIMB UP HERE AND DROP ONTO THE RAFT AS IT FLOATS BY!

HOLLER WHEN THE RAFT IS UNDER ME AND I'LL DROP, TWEETY!
OKAY, PUDDY!

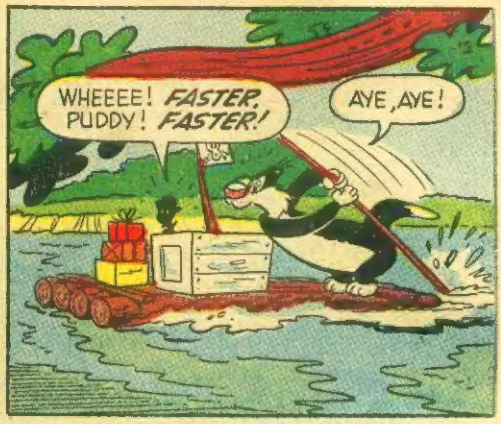
JUST A LITTLE MORE! EASY NOW...HOLD IT... HOLD IT...

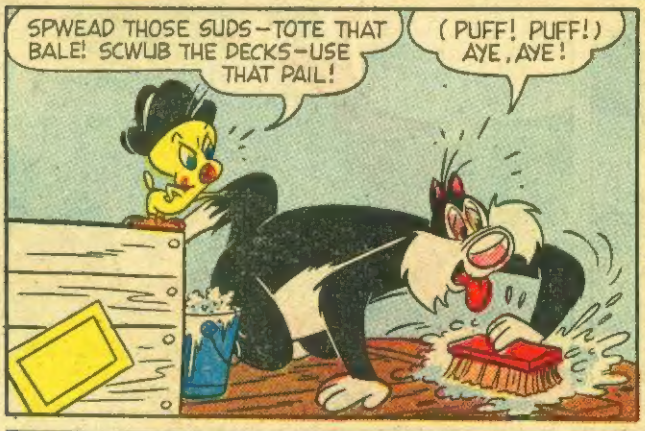
NOW! DWOP!

OOPS!
SPLASH!


I'M AFWAID MY TIMING WAS A LITTLE OFF!
I NOTICED THAT!

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS LOAFING AWOUND! GET BUSY, YOU CREW, YOU! LOWER THE CROW'S-NEST! WAISE THE JIB! STEADY AS SHE GOES!
AYE, AYE!

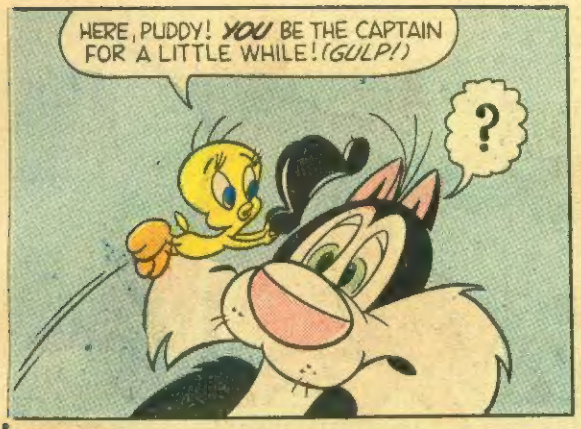

WHEEEE! FASTER, PUDDY! FASTER!
AYE, AYE!


SPWEAD THOSE SUDS—TOTE THAT BALE! SCWUB THE DECKS—USE THAT PAIL!
(PUFF! PUFF!) AYE, AYE!

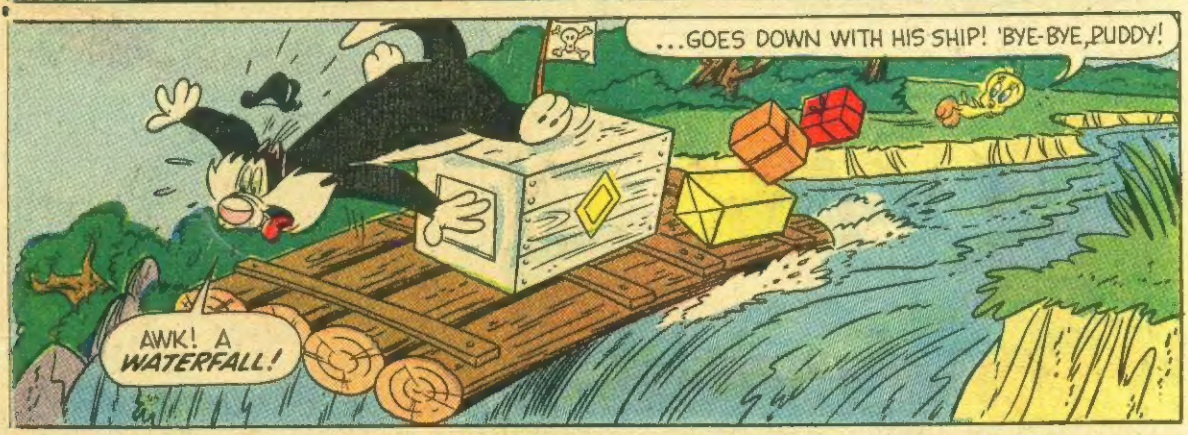
FASTER, PUDDY! FAST...
NOW WAIT A MINUTE!

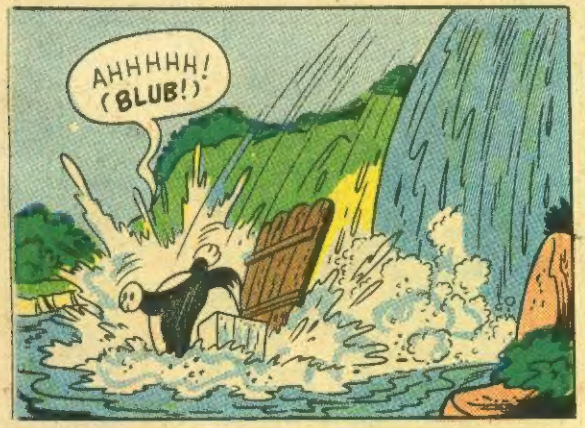
CAPTAIN OR NO CAPTAIN, I'M GOING TO REST FOR A WHILE!
BUT, PUDDY, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO... HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

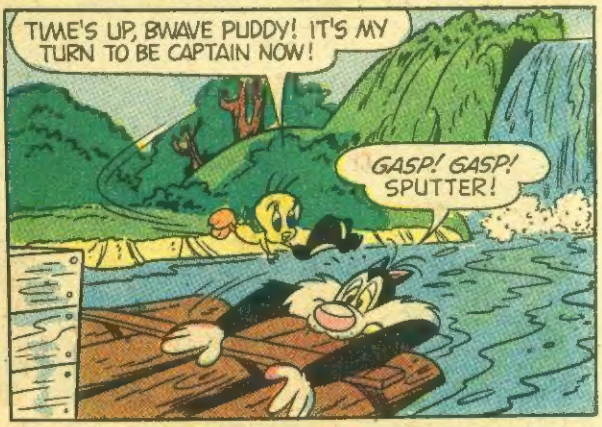
GOODNESS GWACIOUS! WE'RE HEADING FOR A...OH, DEAR!

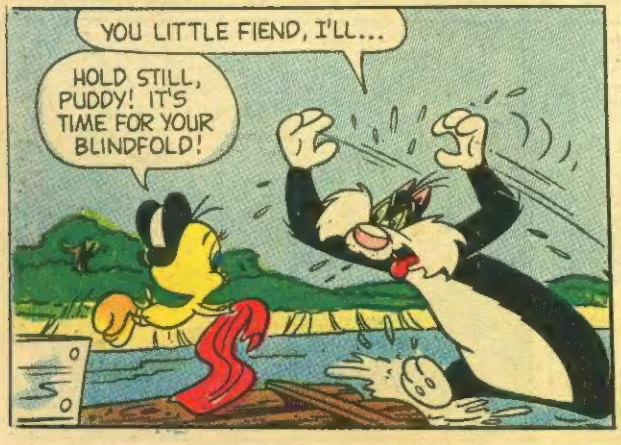

HERE, PUDDY! YOU BE THE CAPTAIN FOR A LITTLE WHILE! (GULP!)
?

WELL, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT, BUT HOW COME YOU DECIDED TO LET ME BE CAPTAIN?
BECAUSE, PUDDY, THE CAPTAIN ALWAYS...


...GOES DOWN WITH HIS SHIP! 'BYE-BYE, PUDDY!
AWK! A WATERFALL!

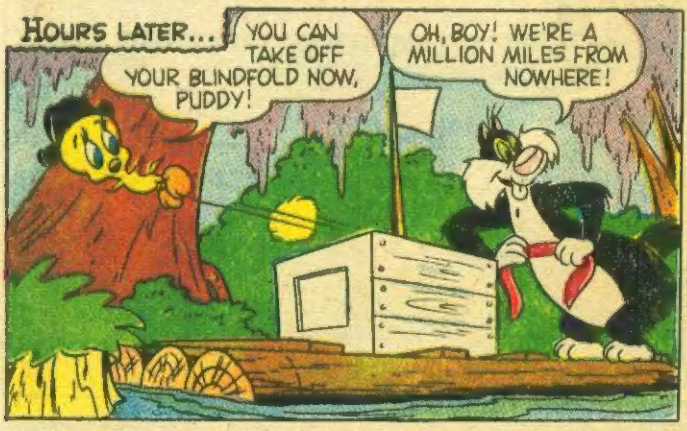

AHHHHH! (BLUB!)


TIME'S UP, BWAVE PUDDY! IT'S MY TURN TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!
GASP! GASP! SPUTTER!

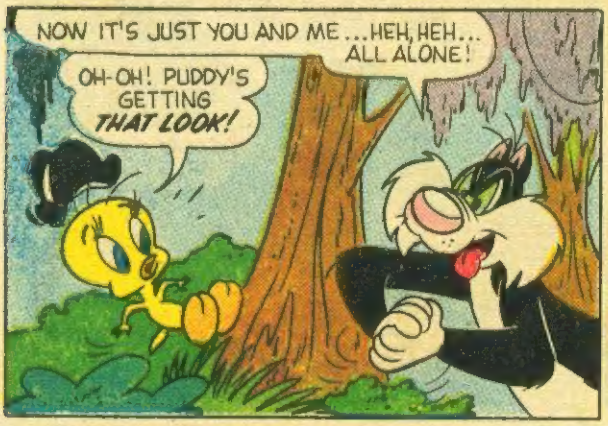

YOU LITTLE FIEND, I'LL...
HOLD STILL, PUDDY! IT'S TIME FOR YOUR BLINDFOLD!

BLINDFOLD? WHAT FOR?
BECAUSE WE'RE HEADING INTO THE SWAMPS TO FIND A SECRET HIDING PLACE FOR MY TWEASURE, AND BLINDFOLDED PUDDY TATS TELL NO TALES!

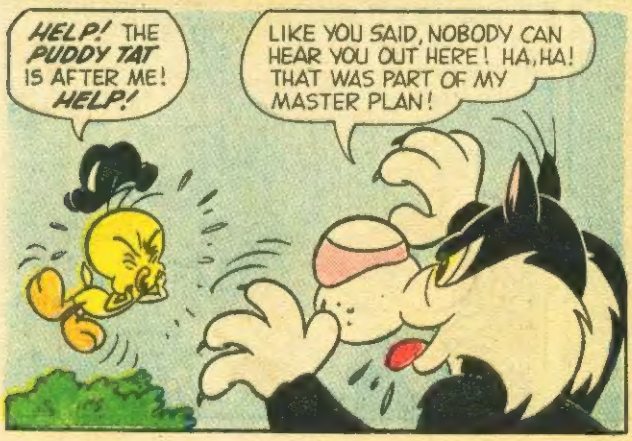
YO HOHO AND A BOTTLE OF ♪ WUM! ♪
PART OF MY MASTER PLAN IS TO HUMOR THE LITTLE CREEP UNTIL I CAN GET HIM WHERE I WANT HIM, SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT IT OUT A WHILE LONGER!


HOURS LATER...
YOU CAN TAKE OFF YOUR BLINDFOLD NOW, PUDDY!
OH, BOY! WE'RE A MILLION MILES FROM NOWHERE!

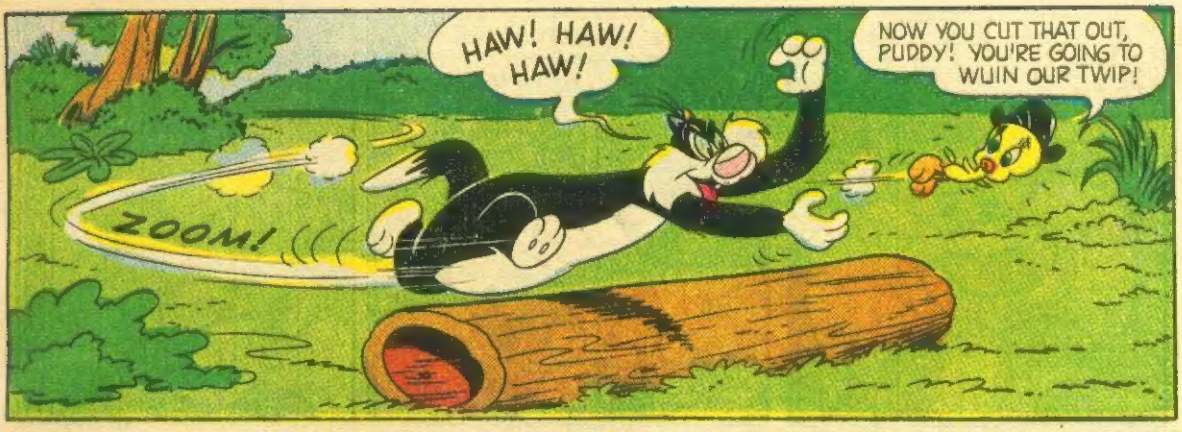
THAT'S WIGHT, PUDDY! WHY, I'LL BET I COULD HOLLER MY LITTLE HEAD OFF AWOUND HERE AND NOBODY COULD HEAR ME!
YEAH, I KNOW!
HEH, HEH!


NOW IT'S JUST YOU AND ME...HEH, HEH... ALL ALONE!
OH-OH! PUDDY'S GETTING THAT LOOK!

PUDDY, STOP! I'M THE CAPTAIN, AND IT'S AGAINST THE WULES TO EAT CAPTAINS!
I'VE FINALLY GOT YOU WHERE I WANT YOU!

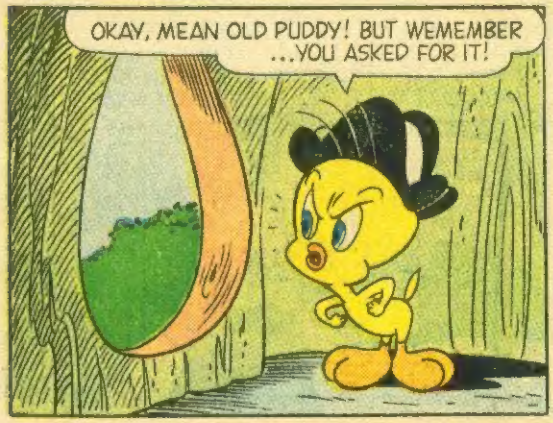

HELP! THE PUDDY TAT IS AFTER ME! HELP!
LIKE YOU SAID, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU OUT HERE! HA, HA! THAT WAS PART OF MY MASTER PLAN!

YIPE!
IT'S NO USE TRYING TO RUN, DELICIOUS! I'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER!


HAW! HAW! HAW!
NOW YOU CUT THAT OUT, PUDDY! YOU'RE GOING TO WUIN OUR TWIP!
ZOOM!

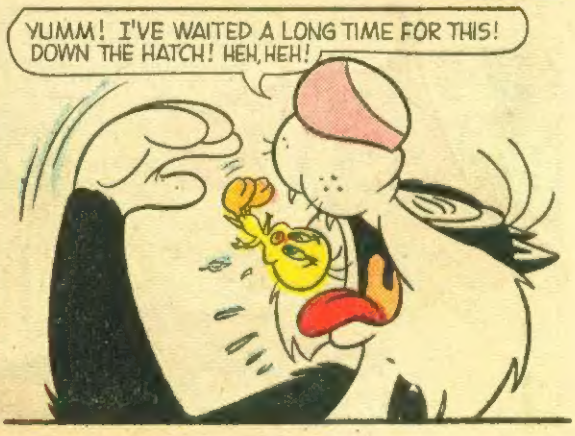
AH! I'LL GET HIM NOW!
(GULP!) I'D BETTER HIDE!
ZIP!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME OUT, TWEETY! I'VE GOT YOU TRAPPED!
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!


OKAY, MEAN OLD PUDDY! BUT WEMEMBER ...YOU ASKED FOR IT!

GO ON... EAT ME! IT WILL SERVE YOU WIGHT!
SLURP!

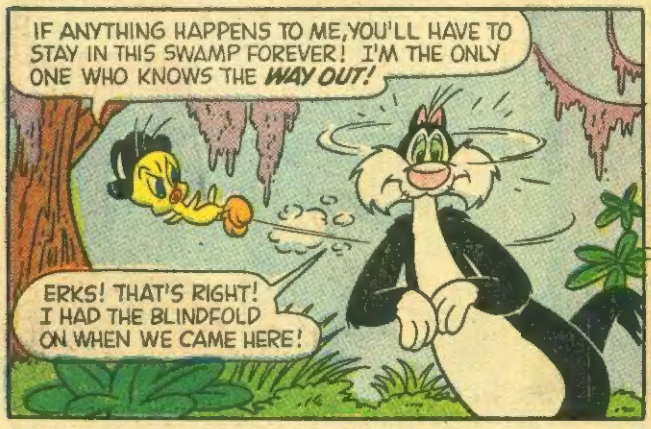
SUCCESS AT LAST!
SWISH!


YUMM! I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS! DOWN THE HATCH! HEH, HEH!

HUH?
?
?

HEY, YOU! COME OUT OF THERE!
(WHEW!) IT FINALLY SUNK IN!

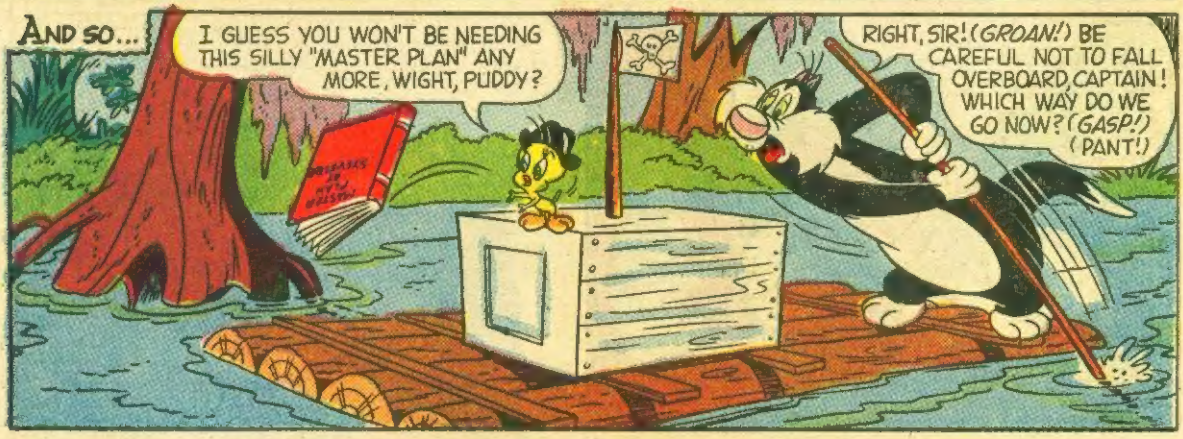
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "IT'LL SERVE ME RIGHT IF I EAT YOU"?
BY THAT I MEAN...


IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY IN THIS SWAMP FOREVER! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE WAY OUT!
ERKS! THAT'S RIGHT! I HAD THE BLINDFOLD ON WHEN WE CAME HERE!

OF COURSE, THAT'S WHY I DID IT! I KNEW ABOUT YOUR OLD MASTER PLAN ALL THE TIME!
BUT HOW? HOW DID YOU SEE THE PICTURE SO CLEARLY WHEN I WAS SO CLEVER?

OH, I DIDN'T SEE THE PICTURE, PUDDY! BUT I WEAD THE BOOK ...WHILE YOU WERE BLINDFOLDED!
SHEEESH!
MASTER PLAN BY SYLVESTER

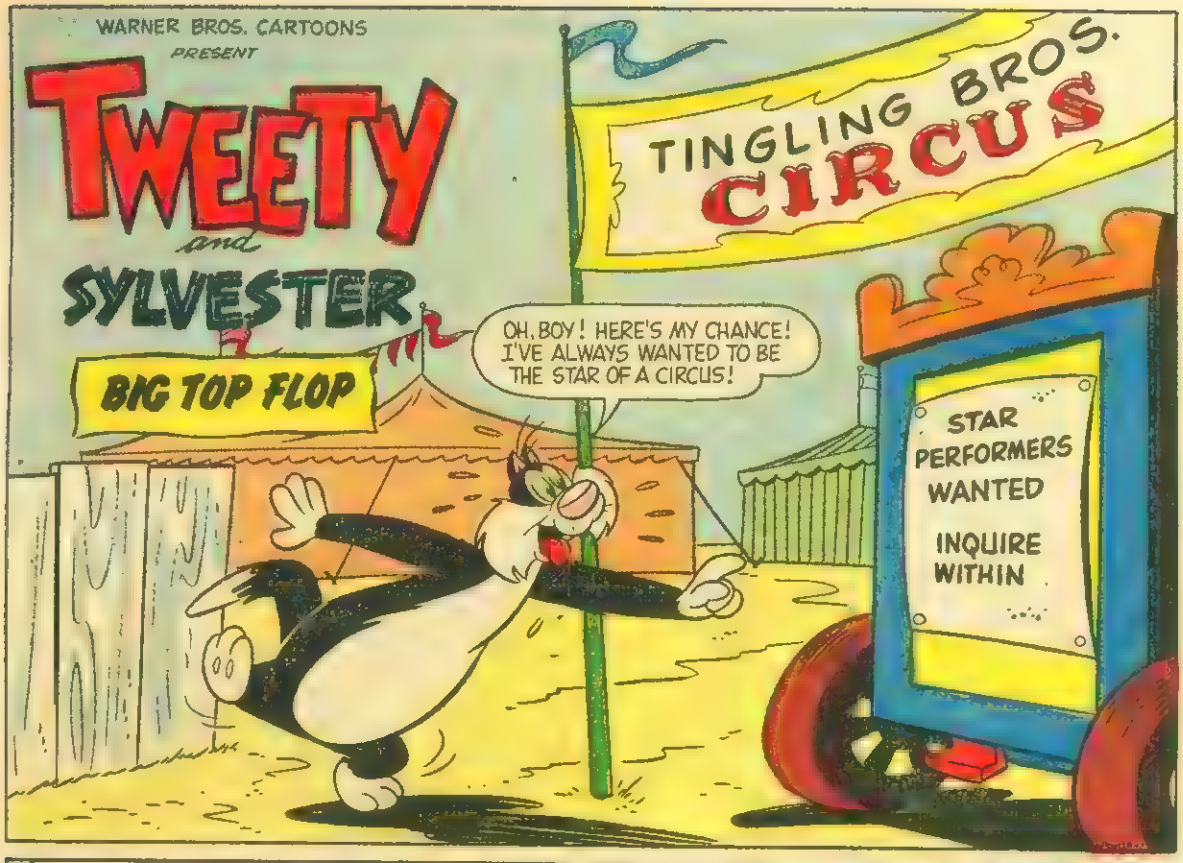
WELL, WE'D BETTER HEAD FOR HOME! I'LL GIVE THE DIRECTIONS... AND DON'T DWOP ME, PUDDY!
DON'T WORRY! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU WHILE I'M AROUND! (GULP!)

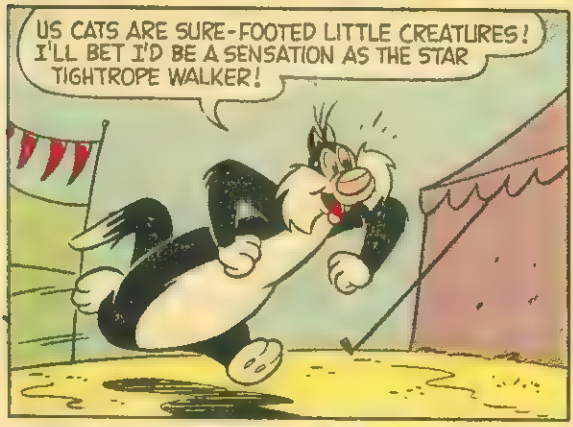

AND SO...
I GUESS YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THIS SILLY "MASTER PLAN" ANY MORE, WIGHT, PUDDY?
RIGHT, SIR! (GROAN!) BE CAREFUL NOT TO FALL OVERBOARD, CAPTAIN! WHICH WAY DO WE GO NOW? (GASP!) (PANT!)

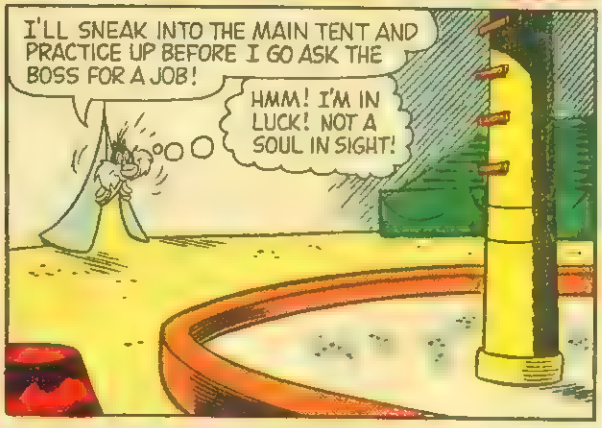
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT

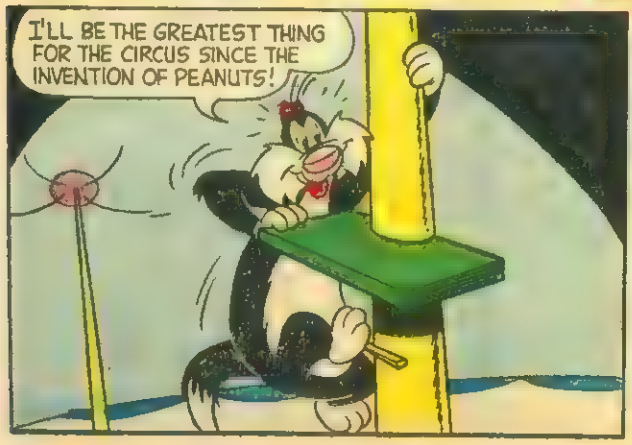
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

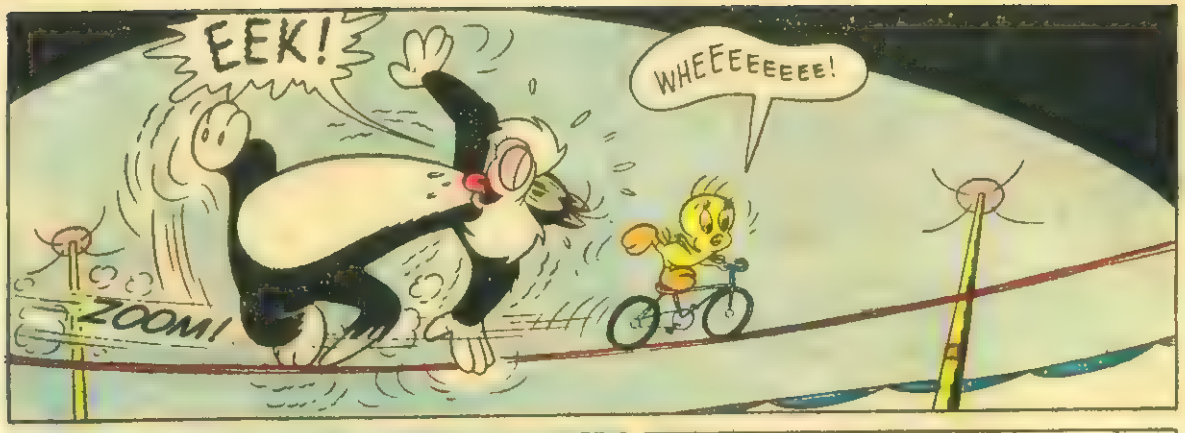
BIG TOP FLOP

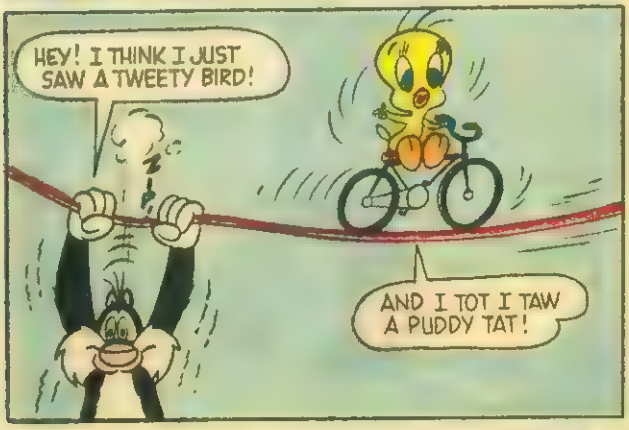


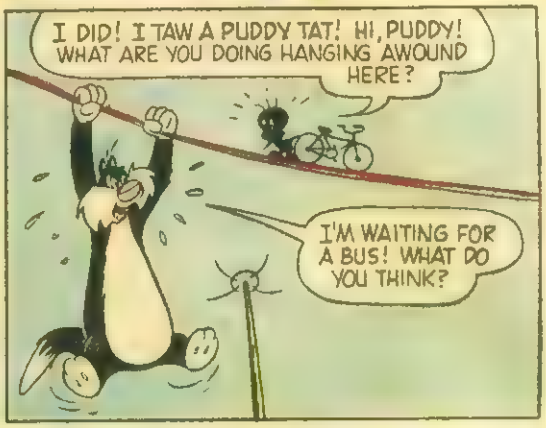


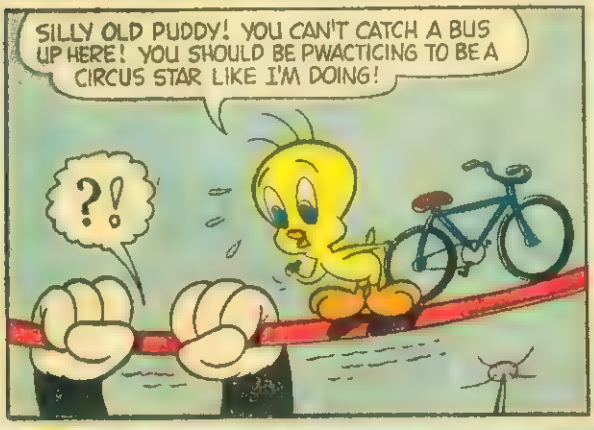


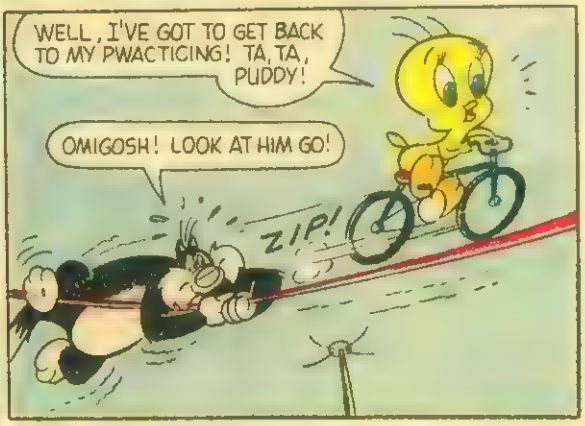


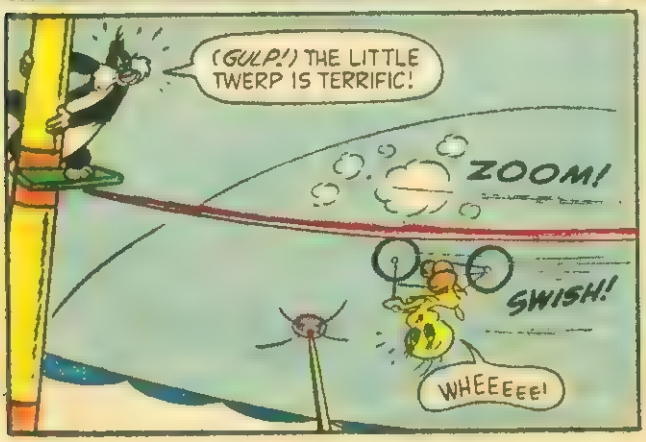

EEK!
WHEEEEEEEEE!
ZOOM!

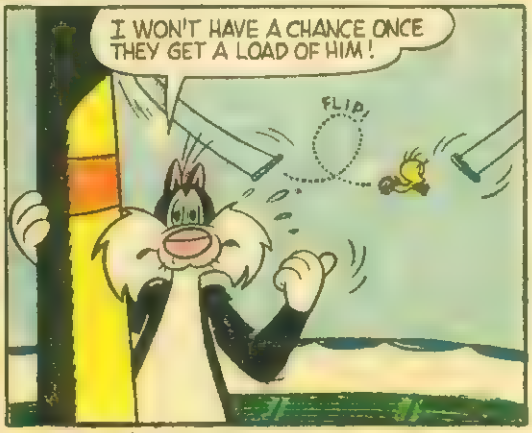

HEY! I THINK I JUST SAW A TWEETY BIRD!
AND I TOT I TAW A PUDDY TAT!

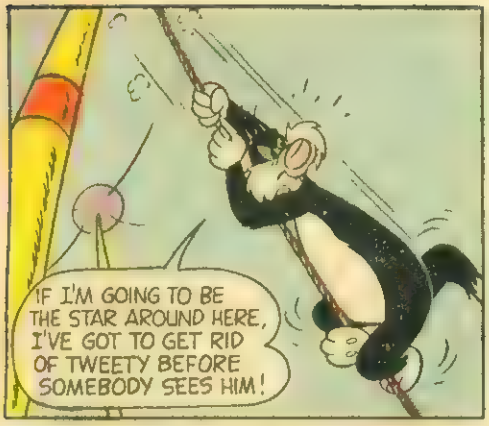

I DID! I TAW A PUDDY TAT! HI, PUDDY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HANGING AWOUND HERE?
I'M WAITING FOR A BUS! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

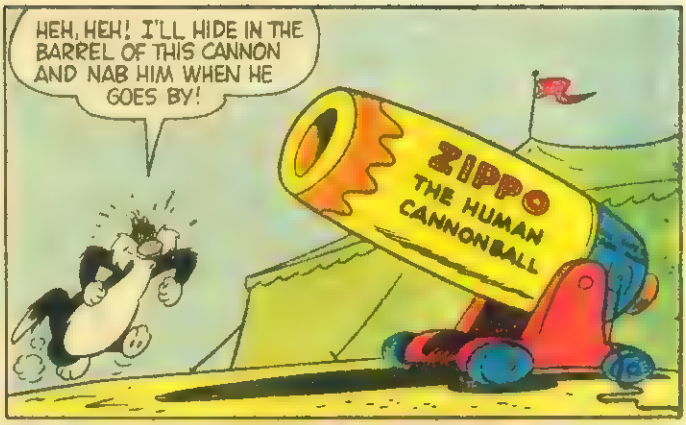

SILLY OLD PUDDY! YOU CAN'T CATCH A BUS UP HERE! YOU SHOULD BE PWACTICING TO BE A CIRCUS STAR LIKE I'M DOING!
?!

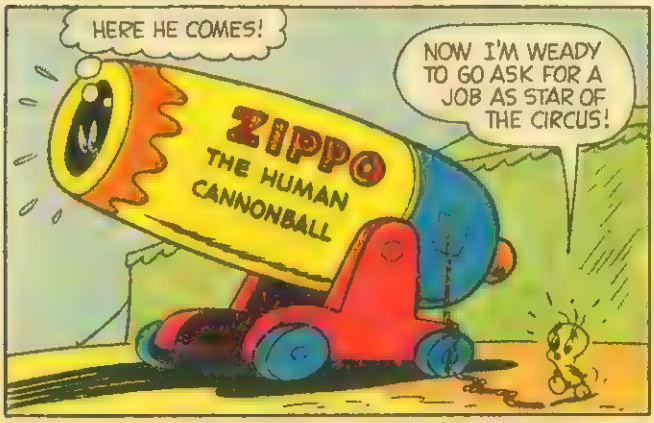

WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY PWACTICING! TA, TA, PUDDY!
OMIGOSH! LOOK AT HIM GO!
ZIP!

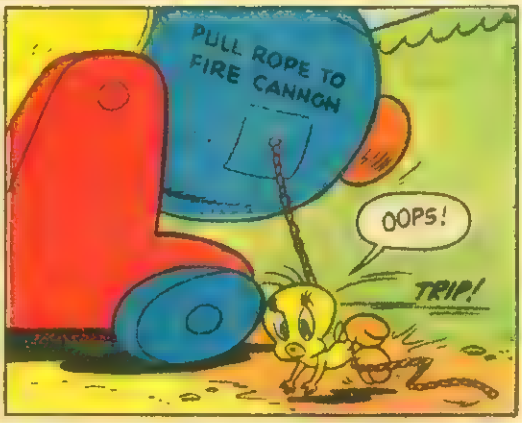

(GULP!) THE LITTLE TWERP IS TERRIFIC!
ZOOM!
SWISH!
WHEEEEE!

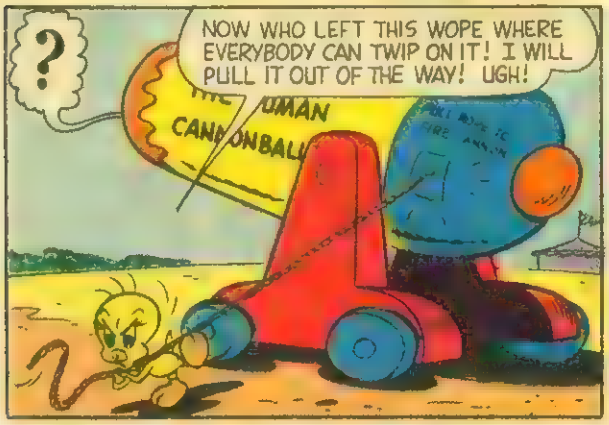

I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE ONCE THEY GET A LOAD OF HIM!
FLIP!

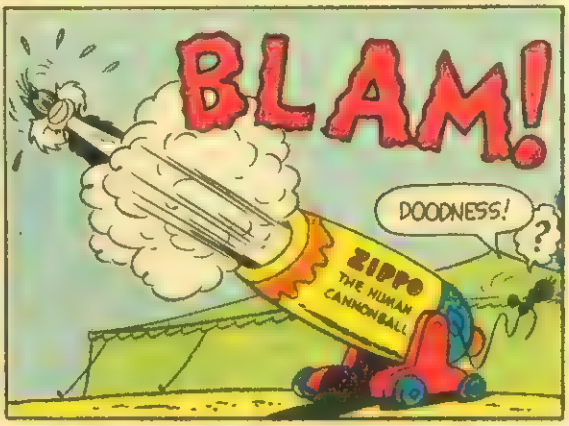

IF I'M GOING TO BE THE STAR AROUND HERE, I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF TWEETY BEFORE SOMEBODY SEES HIM!

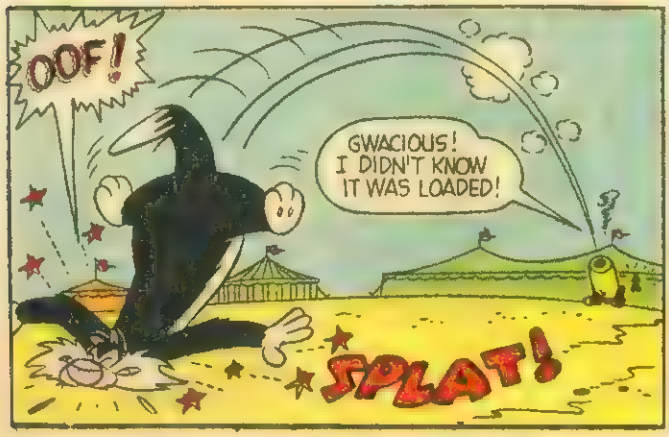

HEH, HEH! I'LL HIDE IN THE BARREL OF THIS CANNON AND NAB HIM WHEN HE GOES BY!
ZIPPO THE HUMAN CANNONBALL

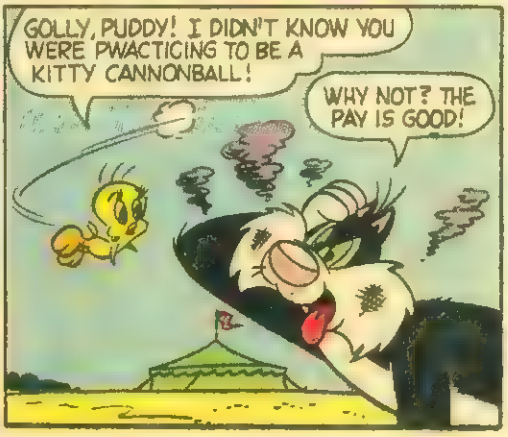

HERE HE COMES!
NOW I'M WEADY TO GO ASK FOR A JOB AS STAR OF THE CIRCUS!
ZIPPO THE HUMAN CANNONBALL

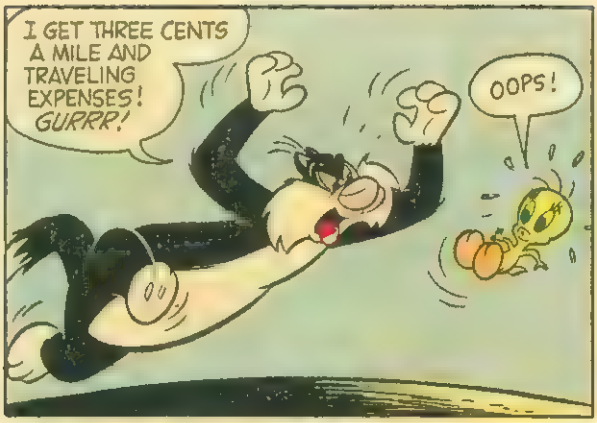

PULL ROPE TO FIRE CANNON
OOPS!
TRIP!

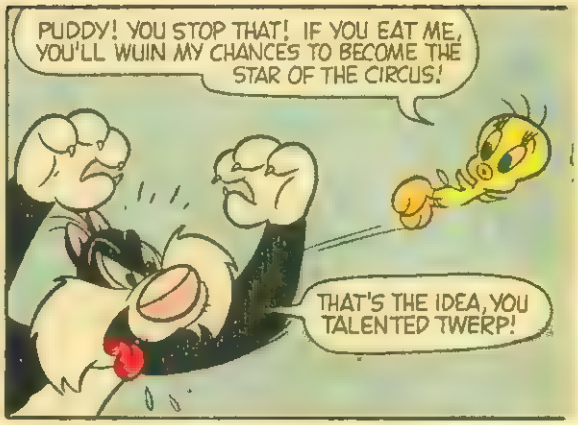

?
NOW WHO LEFT THIS WOPE WHERE EVERYBODY CAN TWIP ON IT! I WILL PULL IT OUT OF THE WAY! UGH!

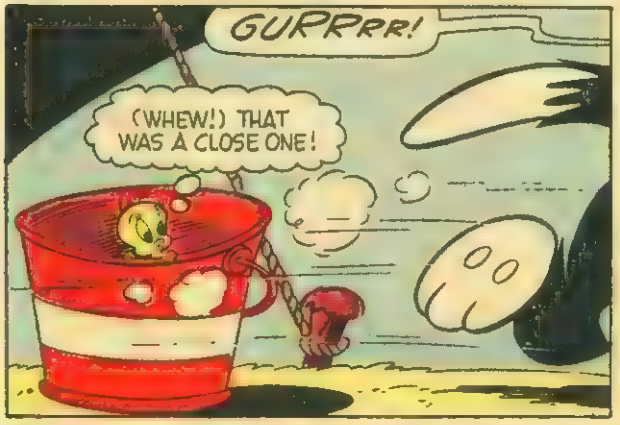

BLAM!
DOODNESS!
?
ZIPPO THE HUMAN CANNONBALL

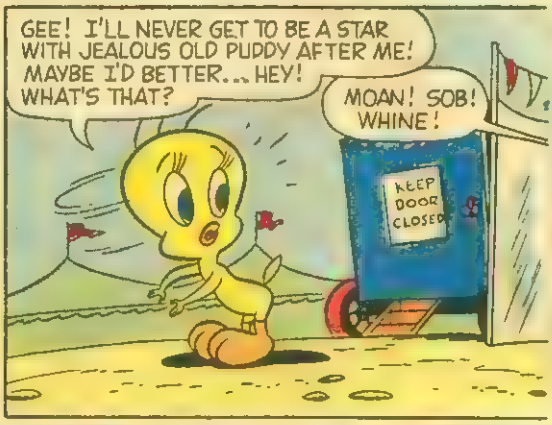

OOF!
GWACIOUS! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED!
SPLAT!

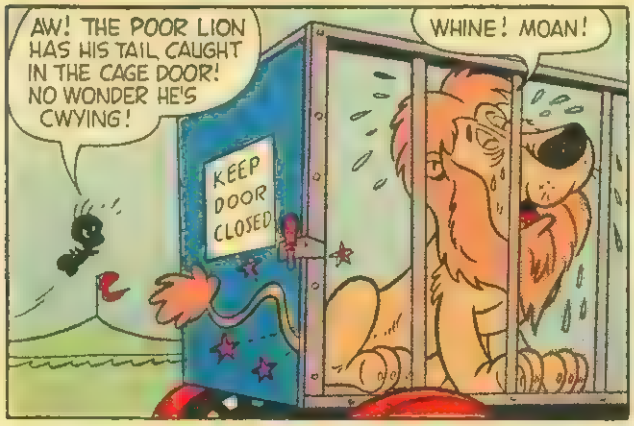

GOLLY, PUDDY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE PWACTICING TO BE A KITTY CANNONBALL!
WHY NOT? THE PAY IS GOOD!

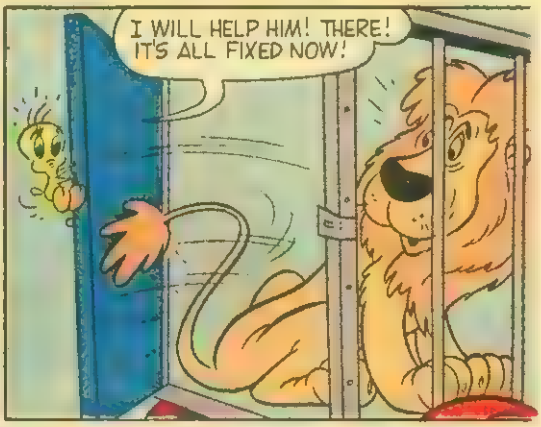

I GET THREE CENTS A MILE AND TRAVELING EXPENSES! GURRR!
OOPS!

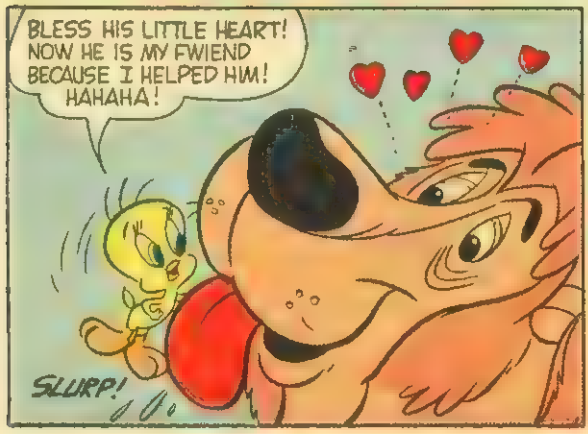

PUDDY! YOU STOP THAT! IF YOU EAT ME, YOU'LL WUIN MY CHANCES TO BECOME THE STAR OF THE CIRCUS!
THAT'S THE IDEA, YOU TALENTED TWERP!


GURRRR!
(WHEW!) THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!

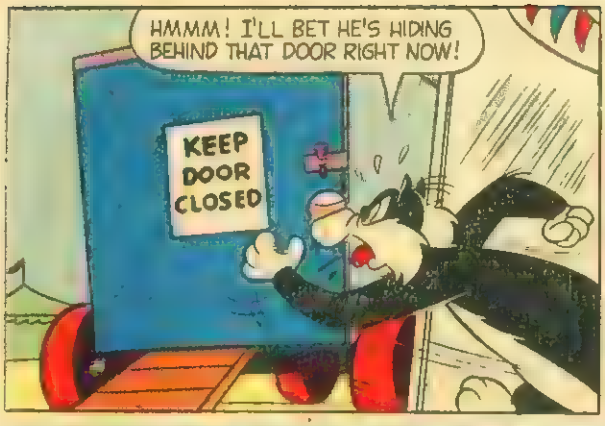

GEE! I'LL NEVER GET TO BE A STAR WITH JEALOUS OLD PUDDY AFTER ME! MAYBE I'D BETTER... HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
MOAN! SOB! WHINE!
KEEP DOOR CLOSED


AW! THE POOR LION HAS HIS TAIL CAUGHT IN THE CAGE DOOR! NO WONDER HE'S CWYING!
WHINE! MOAN!
KEEP DOOR CLOSED

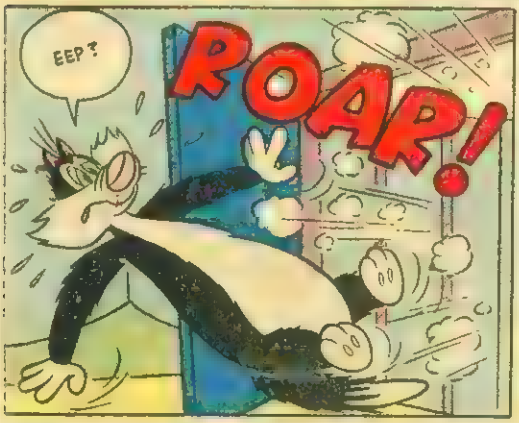

I WILL HELP HIM! THERE! IT'S ALL FIXED NOW!

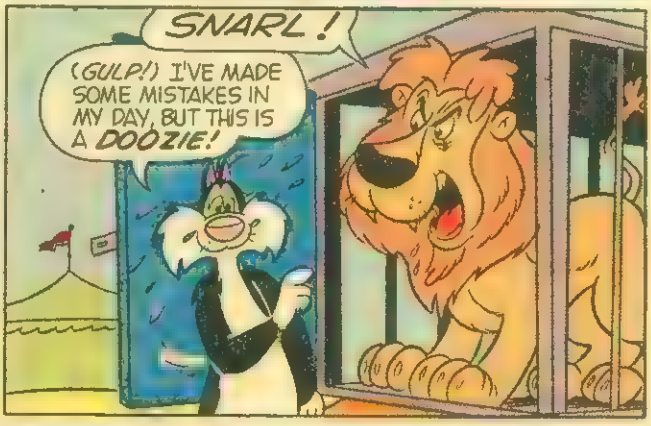

BLESS HIS LITTLE HEART! NOW HE IS MY FWIEND BECAUSE I HELPED HIM! HAHAHA!
SLURP!

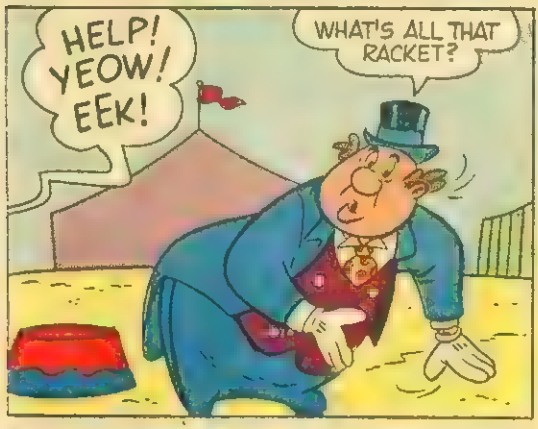
I WAS GLAD TO HELP! BYE-BYE!
KEEP DOOR CLOSED
SAY! I HEAR TWEETY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS CANVAS!

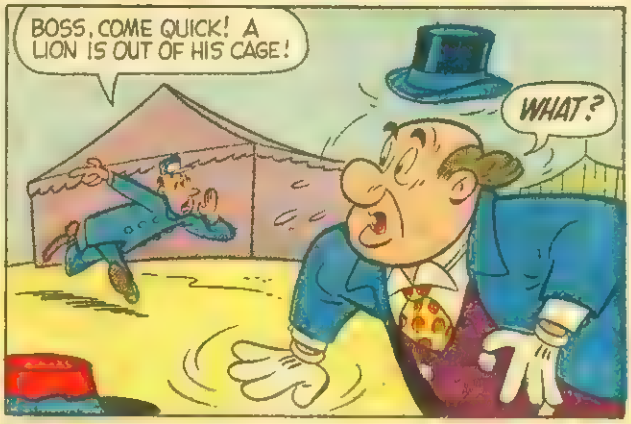

HMMM! I'LL BET HE'S HIDING BEHIND THAT DOOR RIGHT NOW!
KEEP DOOR CLOSED

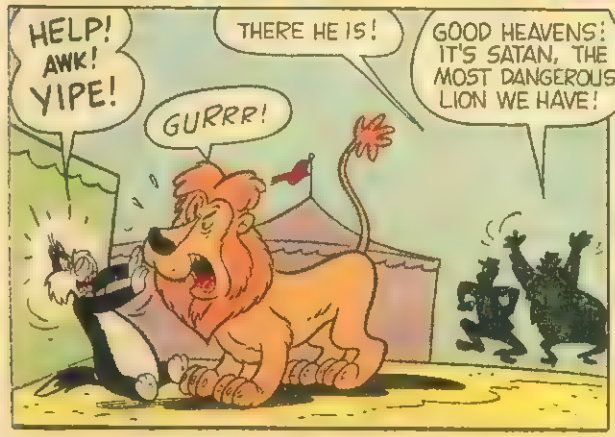
OH, TWEETY! I KNOW YOU'RE HIDING IN THERE! NOW ARE YOU COMING OUT OR...

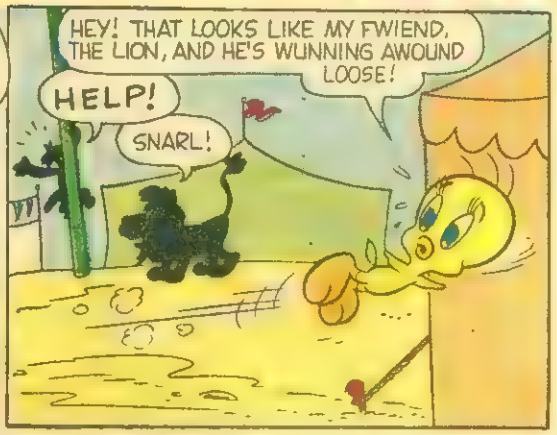

EEP?
ROAR!

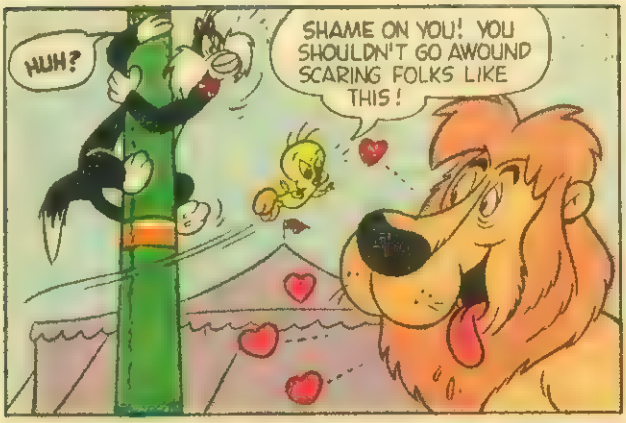

SNARL!
(GULP!) I'VE MADE SOME MISTAKES IN MY DAY, BUT THIS IS A DOOZIE!

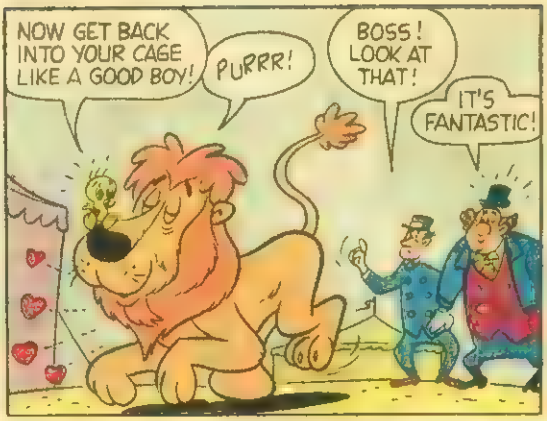

HELP! YEOW! EEK!
WHAT'S ALL THAT RACKET?

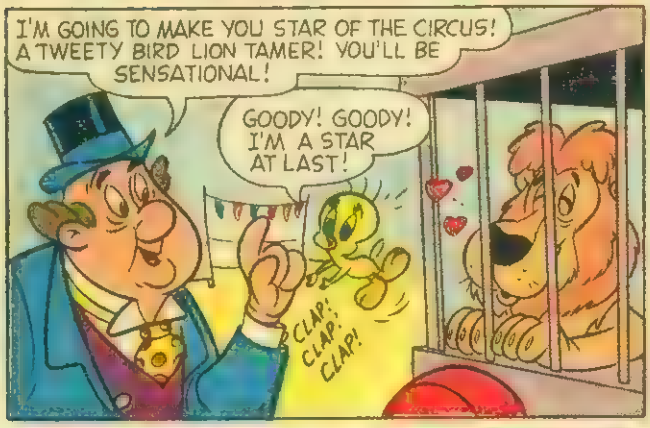

BOSS, COME QUICK! A LION IS OUT OF HIS CAGE!
WHAT?

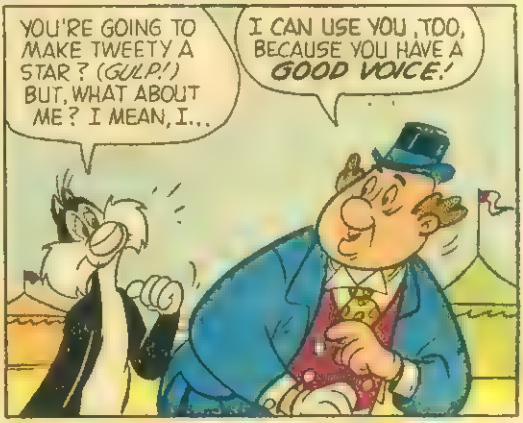

HELP! AWK! YIPE!
THERE HE IS!
GURRR!
GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S SATAN, THE MOST DANGEROUS LION WE HAVE!

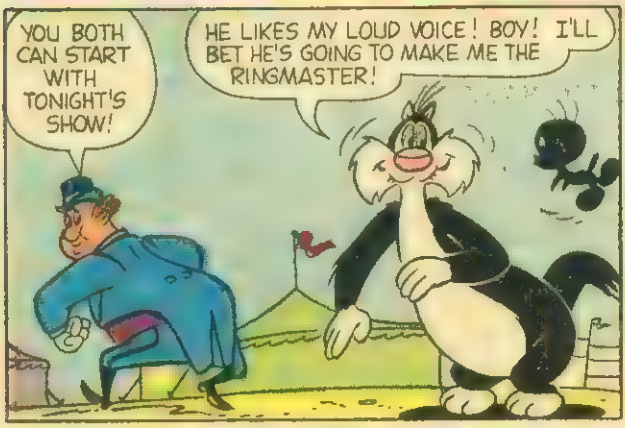

HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE MY FWIEND, THE LION, AND HE'S WUNNING AWOUND LOOSE!
HELP!
SNARL!


HUH?
SHAME ON YOU! YOU SHOULDN'T GO AWOUND SCARING FOLKS LIKE THIS!

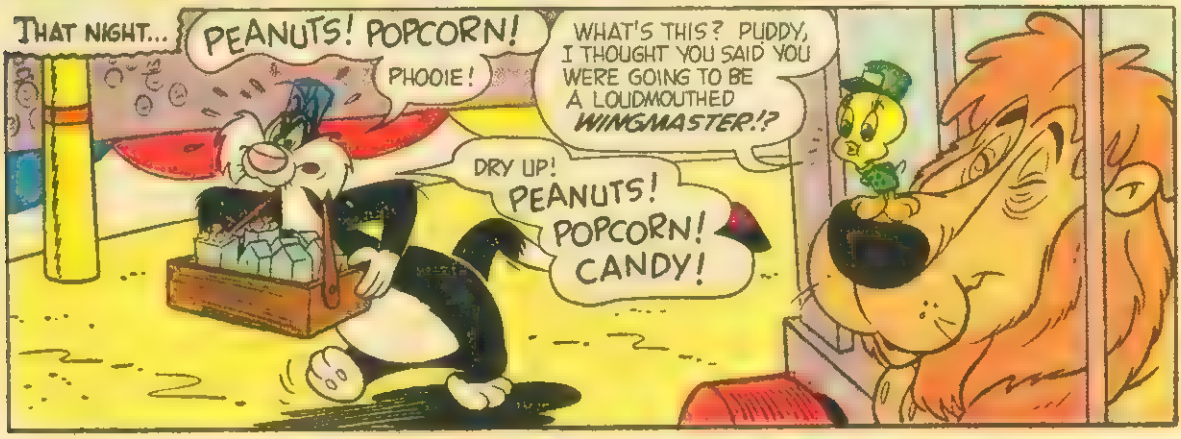

NOW GET BACK INTO YOUR CAGE LIKE A GOOD BOY!
PURRR!
BOSS! LOOK AT THAT!
IT'S FANTASTIC!


I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU STAR OF THE CIRCUS! A TWEETY BIRD LION TAMER! YOU'LL BE SENSATIONAL!
GOODY! GOODY! I'M A STAR AT LAST!
CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

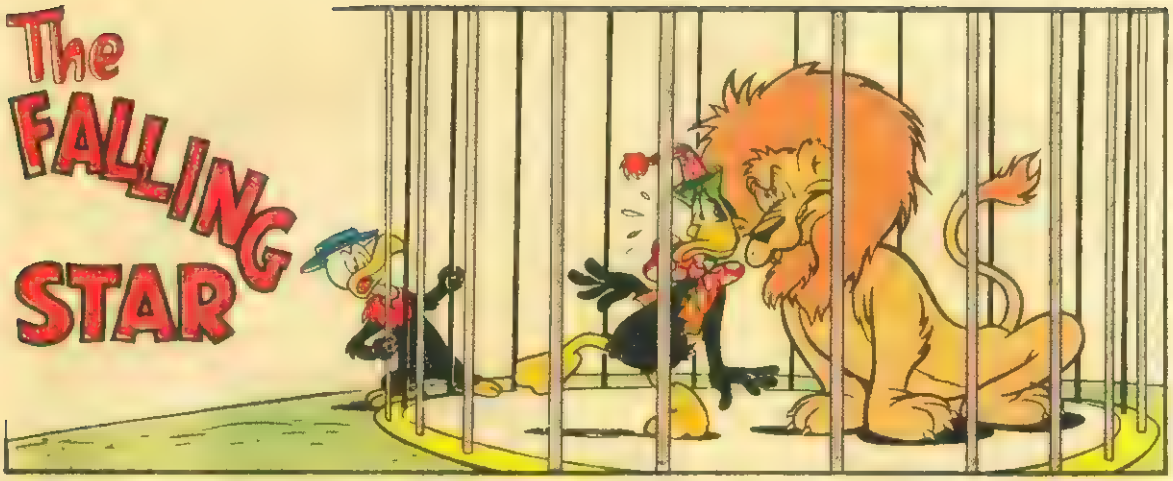

YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE TWEETY A STAR? (GULP!) BUT, WHAT ABOUT ME? I MEAN, I...
I CAN USE YOU, TOO, BECAUSE YOU HAVE A GOOD VOICE!


YOU BOTH CAN START WITH TONIGHT'S SHOW!
HE LIKES MY LOUD VOICE! BOY! I'LL BET HE'S GOING TO MAKE ME THE RINGMASTER!

EVERYBODY WILL BE LISTENING TO ME ALL THROUGH THE CIRCUS! GEE, I CAN HARDLY WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT!


THAT NIGHT...
PEANUTS! POPCORN!
PHOOIE!
WHAT'S THIS? PUDDY, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO BE A LOUDMOUTHED WINGMASTER!?
DRY UP! PEANUTS! POPCORN! CANDY!

The FALLING STAR



"Gracious," Beaky Buzzard exclaimed to his friend, Daffy Duck, one day. "What kind of a getup are you wearing?"

Daffy adjusted his clown costume and twirled for inspection. "Aren't I a dream?" he grinned, doing a little jig. "And, talk about dreamy setups! All I have to do is substitute at the circus for a clown who took sick, and I get all the popcorn and hot dogs I can eat *free!*" He clicked his heels in mid-air. "Woo woo!"

"Sounds great," Beaky admitted. "Maybe I could get a job as water boy!"

The two friends headed for the main gate of the circus grounds. "See you later, dearie," Daffy called back airily as he skipped inside.

The air was heavy with the rich aroma of meat cooking, and Daffy was magnetically drawn towards a stand where hot dogs were sputtering juicily over a fire. "Dig those dogs!" he breathed ecstatically, rapping on the counter to get the cook's attention. "Fix me up, doll," Daffy said grandly. "On the house, of course. I'm the star attraction."

Suddenly, a foot booted Daffy up into the air. "You'll see stars," the manager of the circus shouted angrily, "if you try to collect before you do your job!"

"I'll clown! I'll clown!" Daffy cried hastily, leaping across the circus grounds as fast as he could go.

On the way, Daffy spied a half-filled bag of popcorn lying on the ground. Skidding to a stop, he peered around cautiously, then stooped to capture the treasure.

Daffy's hand was just about to close around the bag when one of the circus horses came galloping up behind him. For the second time within a few minutes, Daffy was tossed high into the air. Landing with a thud on the horse's back, he clung to the animal's neck, bouncing about wildly. "Look, doll," he murmured into the horse's ear, "I know this job has its ups and downs, but aren't we overdoing it a bit?"

As if in answer, the horse bucked, and Daffy shot over its head and down, down, down into a lion's cage in the center of the circus arena.

The audience roared its appreciation. "What a clown!" one man shouted. "Funniest fellow I ever saw!"

"Look at that lion!" another man cried. "I'll bet he hasn't a tooth in his head."

Daffy glanced up into the open jaws of the giant beast. "D-don't place any bets, mister," he stuttered. "From here, it looks as if he has a *full set!*"

The lion lowered his mighty head and nuzzled Daffy's face. "Quit it, doll," Daffy giggled nervously. "Your whiskers are tickling me!"

The lion let out an enraged roar and pounced forward. Daffy scurried up the rungs of the cage in record speed. "Watch it, dearie," he gulped. "Your appetite's showing!" He glanced over the top of the cage onto the floor below and shivered at the distance. Then, holding his nose, he closed his eyes and jumped.

The manager of the circus was waiting for him. "Wonderful act," he cried. "We'll repeat it every show!"

"I've lost my appetite," Daffy groaned. "And I'm not clowning!"

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT

Little PANCHO VANILLA

ODD-JOBBER

NEED ANY ODD JOBS DONE, SEÑOR RANCHERO? I WEEL DO ANYTHING FROM STABLE TO CHIMNEY SWEEPING!

AHA! EET IS GOOD FOR THE EARS TO HEAR THEES! EET SO HAPPENS I HAVE A VERY ODD ODD JOB FOR YOU TO DO!

YOU ARE GOOD AT CATCHING BUTTERFLIES, NO?

SÍ! BUT, SEÑOR, THAT EES MORE LIKE *FUN* THAN LIKE A *JOB!*

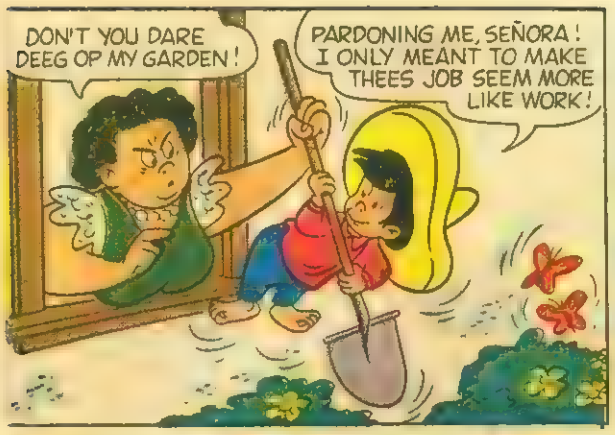
EET EES NO FUN THAT MY FIERCE BOOL WEARS HEEMSELF OUT BEFORE THE FIGHT BY CHASING THESE *RED BUTTERFLIES!*

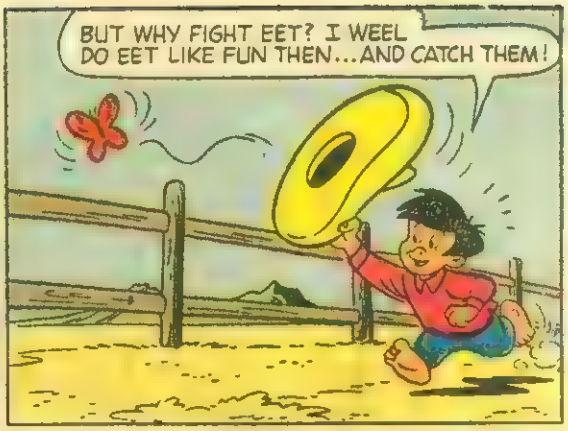
HMM...A WILD-GOOSE KIND OF CHASING!

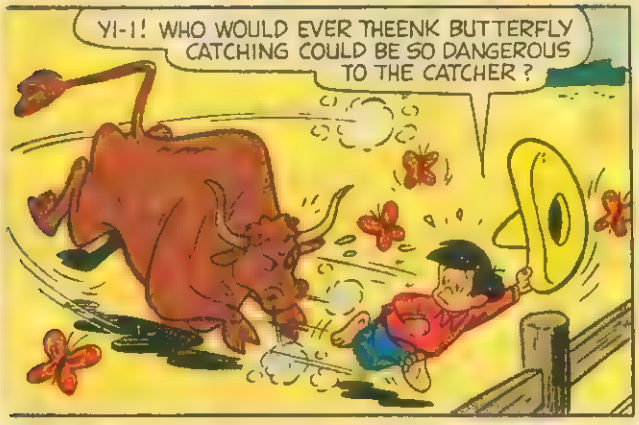
BUT DO NOT WORRY, SEÑOR! I WEEL DO THEES ODD JOB EEN A BIG JIFFY!

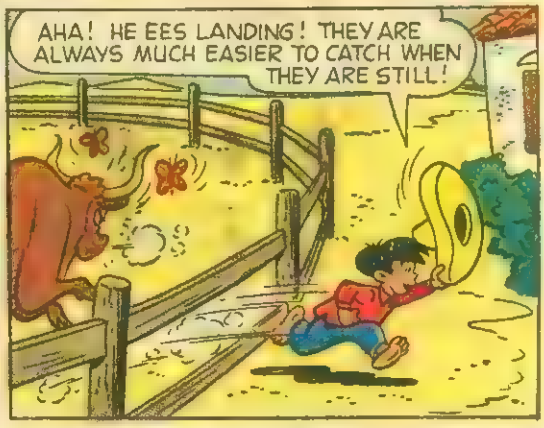
EXCELLENTE! REPORT TO ME WHEN EET IS DONE!

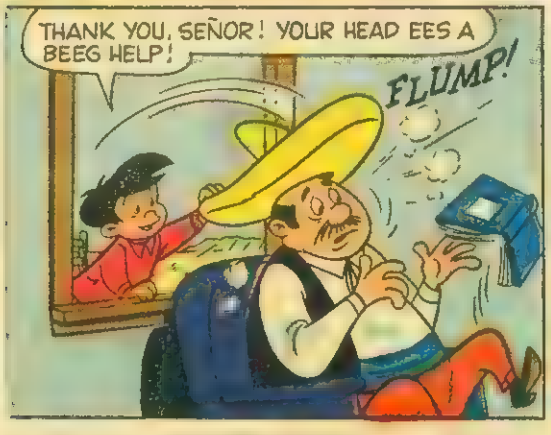
EET IS EASY TO SEE THAT THE RED BUTTERFLIES ARE ATTRACTED BY THESE FLOWERS, SO...

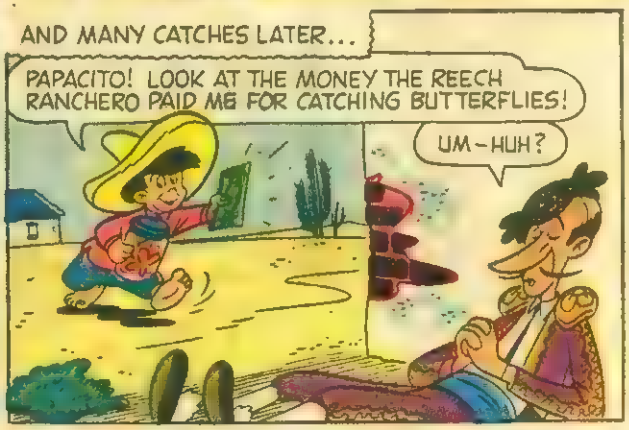

DON'T YOU DARE DEEG OP MY GARDEN!
PARDONING ME, SEÑORA! I ONLY MEANT TO MAKE THEES JOB SEEM MORE LIKE WORK!

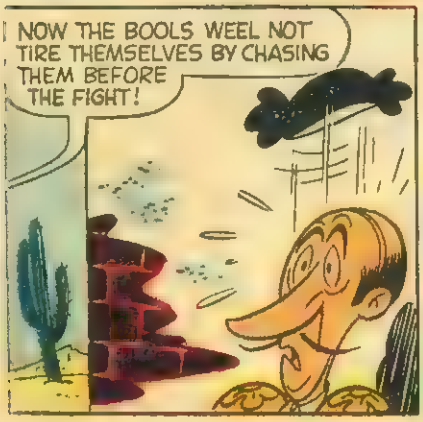

BUT WHY FIGHT EET? I WEEL DO EET LIKE FUN THEN...AND CATCH THEM!


YI-I! WHO WOULD EVER THEENK BUTTERFLY CATCHING COULD BE SO DANGEROUS TO THE CATCHER?

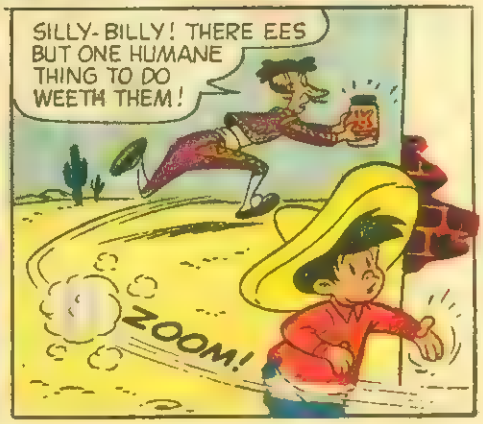

AHA! HE EES LANDING! THEY ARE ALWAYS MUCH EASIER TO CATCH WHEN THEY ARE STILL!

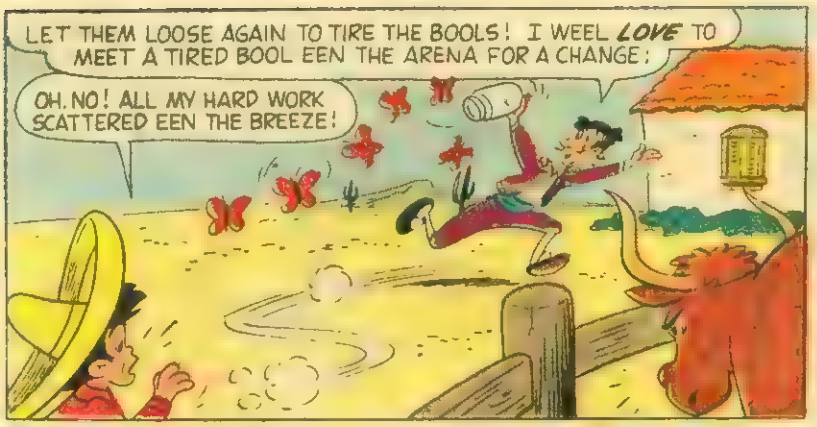

THANK YOU, SEÑOR! YOUR HEAD EES A BEEG HELP!
FLUMP!

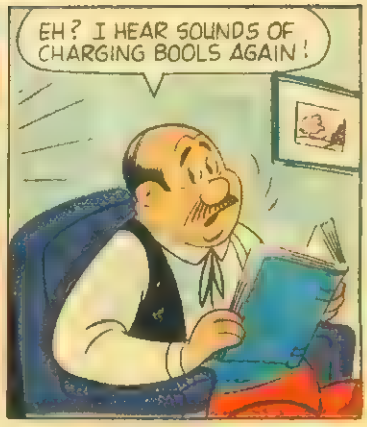

AND MANY CATCHES LATER...
PAPACITO! LOOK AT THE MONEY THE REECH RANCHERO PAID ME FOR CATCHING BUTTERFLIES!
UM-HUH?

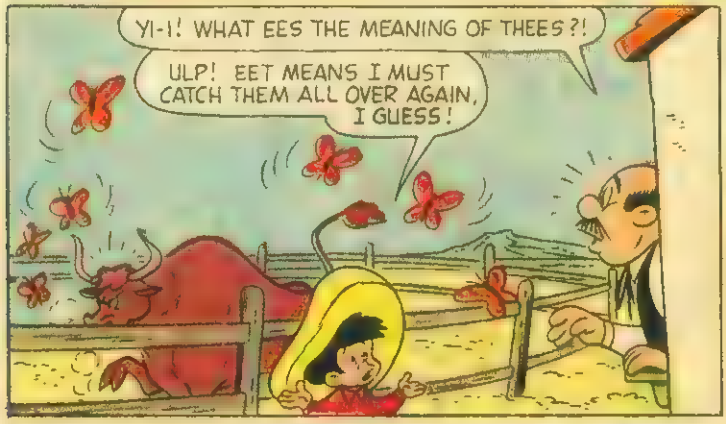

NOW THE BOOLS WEEL NOT TIRE THEMSELVES BY CHASING THEM BEFORE THE FIGHT!

BUT NOW WHAT SHALL I DO WEETH ALL THESE RED BUTTERFLIES!

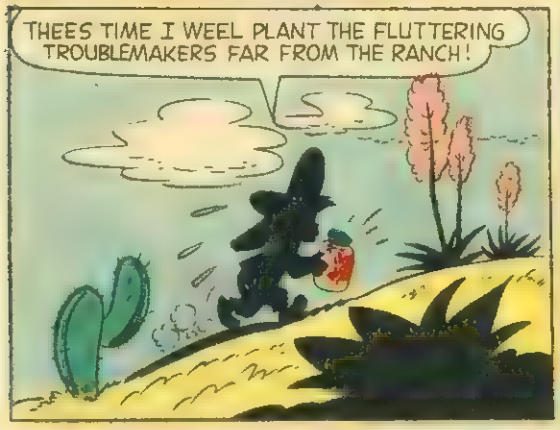

SILLY-BILLY! THERE EES BUT ONE HUMANE THING TO DO WEETH THEM!
ZOOM!

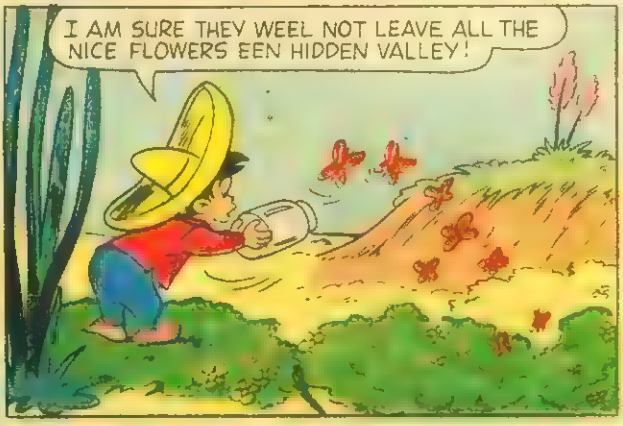

LET THEM LOOSE AGAIN TO TIRE THE BOOLS! I WEEL LOVE TO MEET A TIRED BOOL EEN THE ARENA FOR A CHANGE!
OH, NO! ALL MY HARD WORK SCATTERED EEN THE BREEZE!

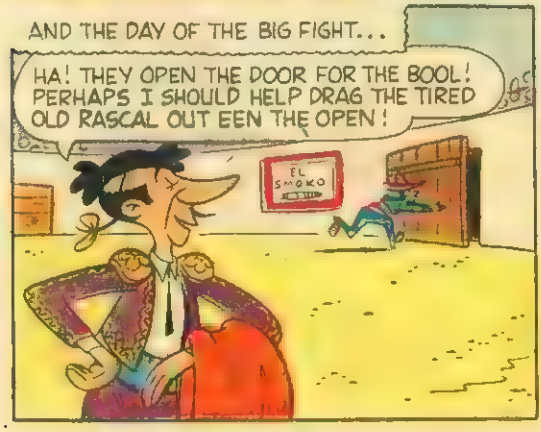

EH? I HEAR SOUNDS OF CHARGING BOOLS AGAIN!

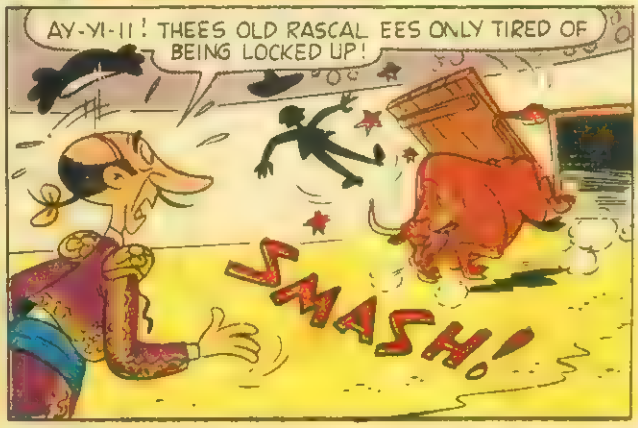

YI-I! WHAT EES THE MEANING OF THEES?!
ULP! EET MEANS I MUST CATCH THEM ALL OVER AGAIN, I GUESS!

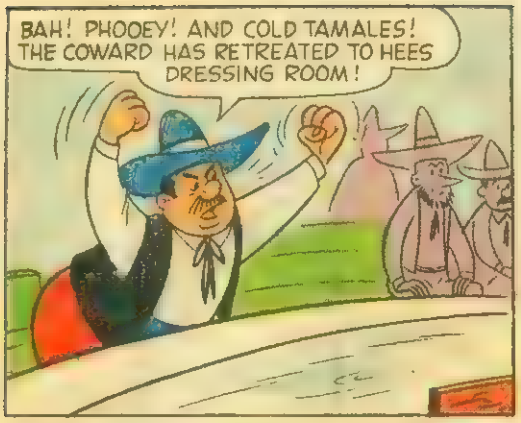
SO...
(WHEW!) THERE! ALL CAUGHT AGAIN! (PUFF, PANT!)

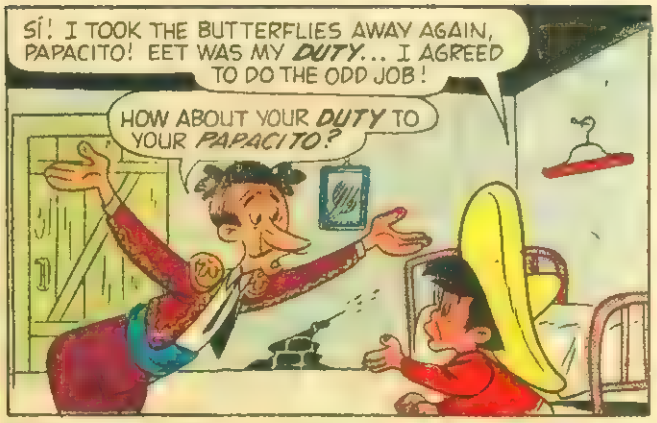

THEES TIME I WEEL PLANT THE FLUTTERING TROUBLEMAKERS FAR FROM THE RANCH!


I AM SURE THEY WEEL NOT LEAVE ALL THE NICE FLOWERS EEN HIDDEN VALLEY!

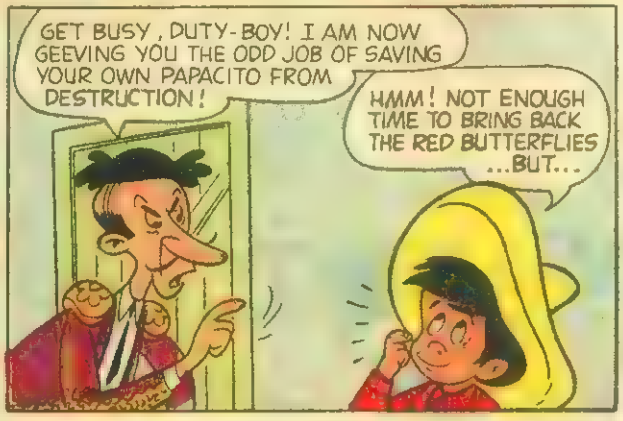

AND THE DAY OF THE BIG FIGHT...
HA! THEY OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE BOOL! PERHAPS I SHOULD HELP DRAG THE TIRED OLD RASCAL OUT EEN THE OPEN!
EL SMOKO

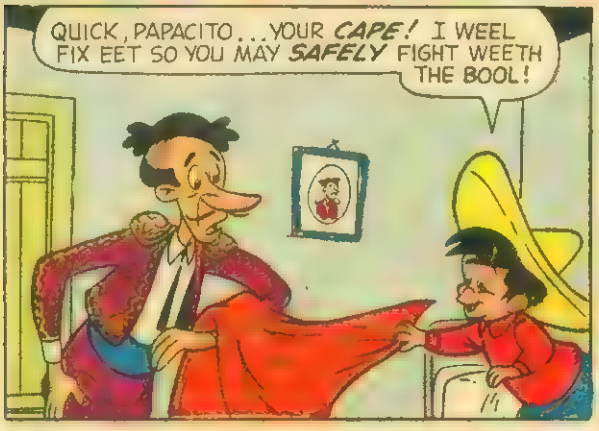

AY-YI-II! THEES OLD RASCAL EES ONLY TIRED OF BEING LOCKED UP!
SMASH!

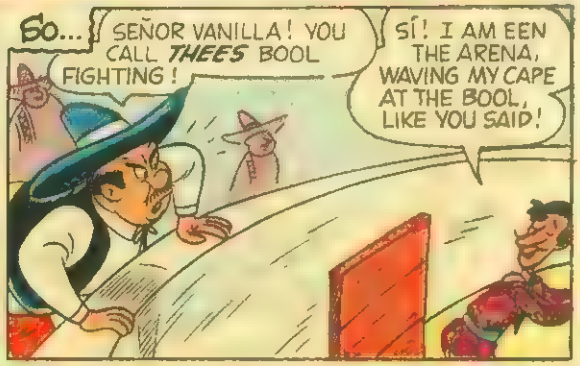

BAH! PHOOEY! AND COLD TAMALES! THE COWARD HAS RETREATED TO HEES DRESSING ROOM!


SÍ! I TOOK THE BUTTERFLIES AWAY AGAIN, PAPACITO! EET WAS MY DUTY... I AGREED TO DO THE ODD JOB!
HOW ABOUT YOUR DUTY TO YOUR PAPACITO?

SEÑOR VANILLA! EEF YOU ARE NOT EEN THE ARENA, WAVING YOUR CAPE AT THE BOOL, EEN FIVE MINUTES, YOU WEEL REGRET EET!


GET BUSY, DUTY-BOY! I AM NOW GEEVING YOU THE ODD JOB OF SAVING YOUR OWN PAPACITO FROM DESTRUCTION!
HMM! NOT ENOUGH TIME TO BRING BACK THE RED BUTTERFLIES ...BUT...


QUICK, PAPACITO...YOUR CAPE! I WEEL FIX EET SO YOU MAY SAFELY FIGHT WEETH THE BOOL!


SO...
SEÑOR VANILLA! YOU CALL THEES BOOL FIGHTING!
SÍ! I AM EEN THE ARENA, WAVING MY CAPE AT THE BOOL, LIKE YOU SAID!

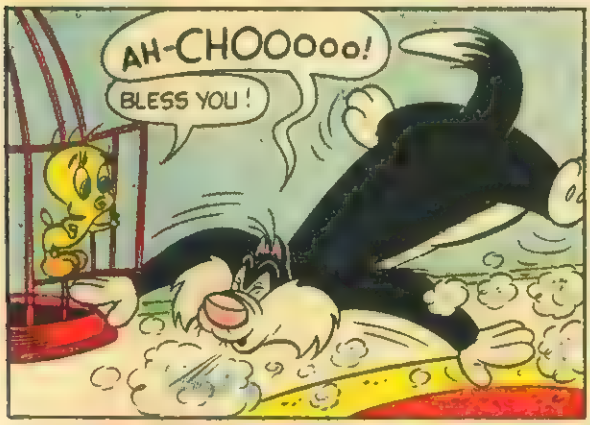
BUT YOU DEED NOT SAY THERE COULD BE NO STRINGS ATTACHED! HEH, HEH!
(WHEW!) THAT BUTTERFLY KITE EES THE ODDEST JOB I HAVE EVER DONE!

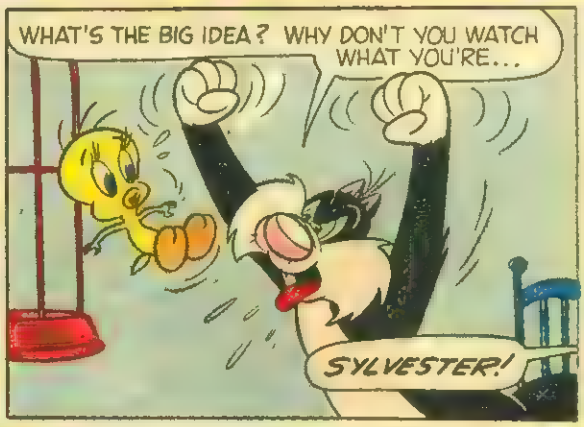
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS present

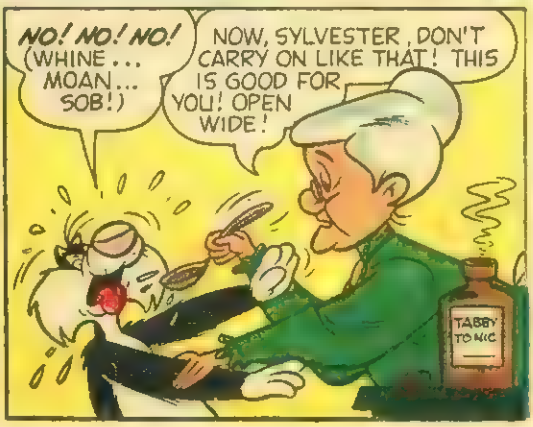
TWEETY and SYLVESTER in TERRIBLE TABBY TONIC

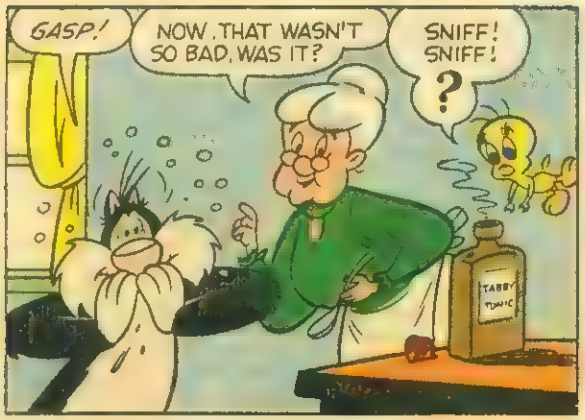
(TSK, TSK!) MY LITTLE CAGE IS AWFULLY DIRTY! I WILL SWEEP IT OUT BECAUSE I AM A TIDY TWEETY!

HEY!

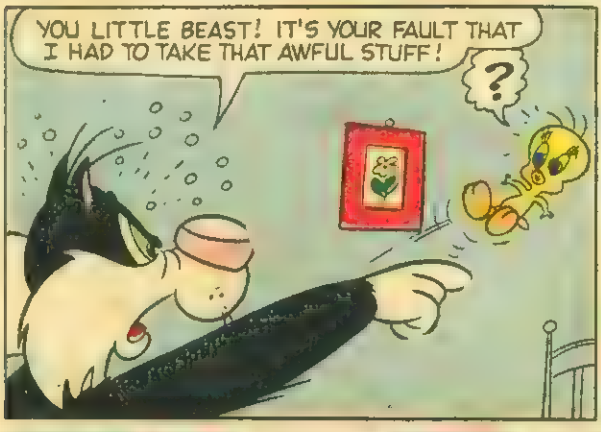


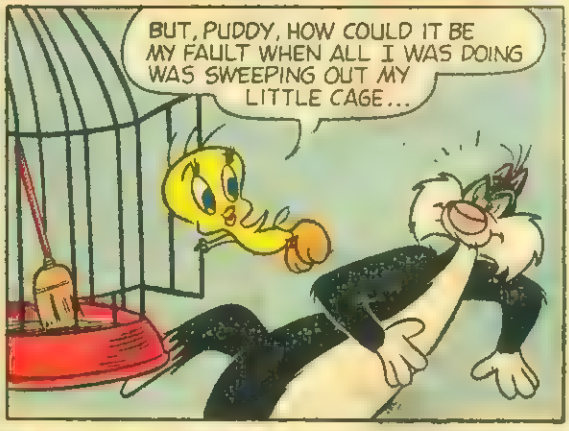


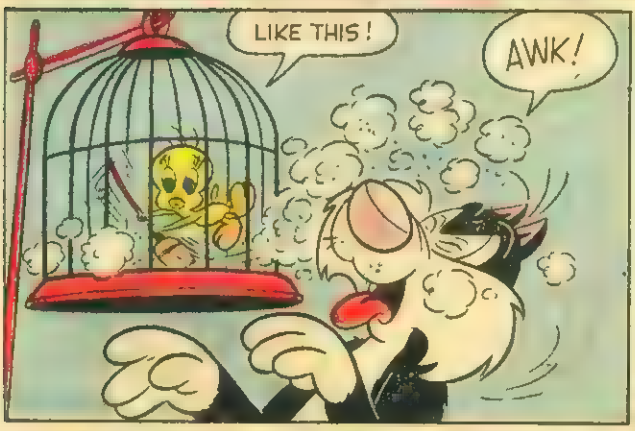


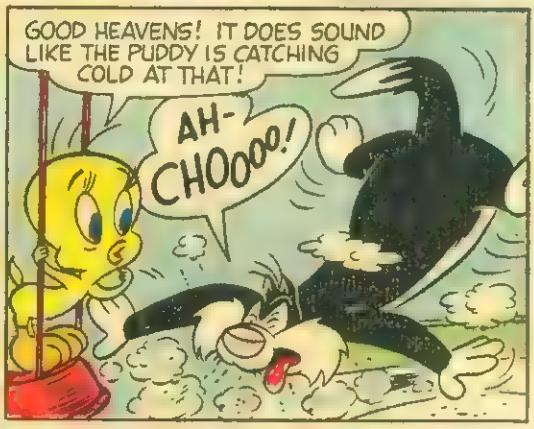

GASP!
NOW, THAT WASN'T SO BAD, WAS IT?
SNIFF! SNIFF!
?
TABBY TONIC

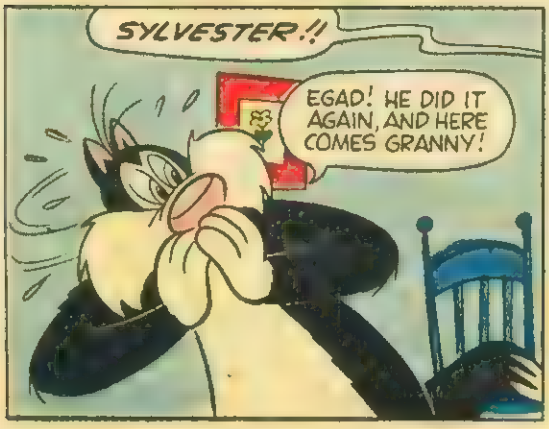
I KNOW IT DOESN'T TASTE VERY GOOD, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN CATCHING COLD!
GAG! CHOKE! COUGH!
WOW!

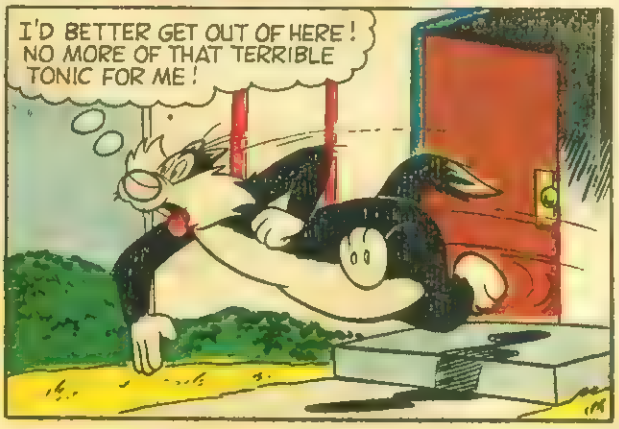

YOU LITTLE BEAST! IT'S YOUR FAULT THAT I HAD TO TAKE THAT AWFUL STUFF!
?

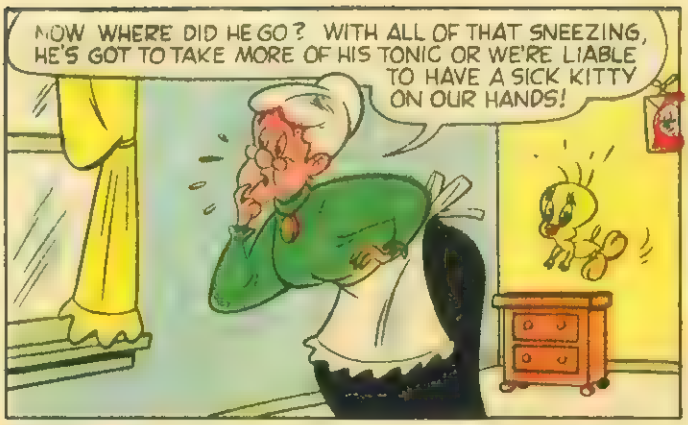

BUT, PUDDY, HOW COULD IT BE MY FAULT WHEN ALL I WAS DOING WAS SWEEPING OUT MY LITTLE CAGE...

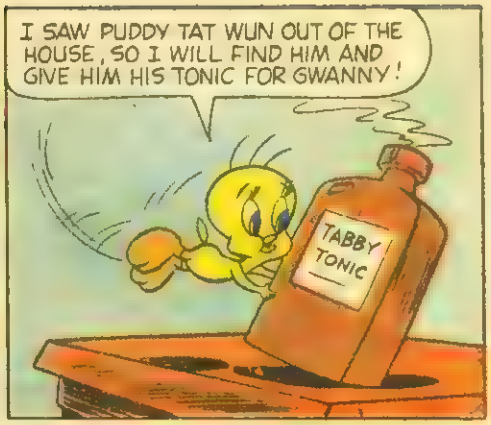

LIKE THIS!
AWK!

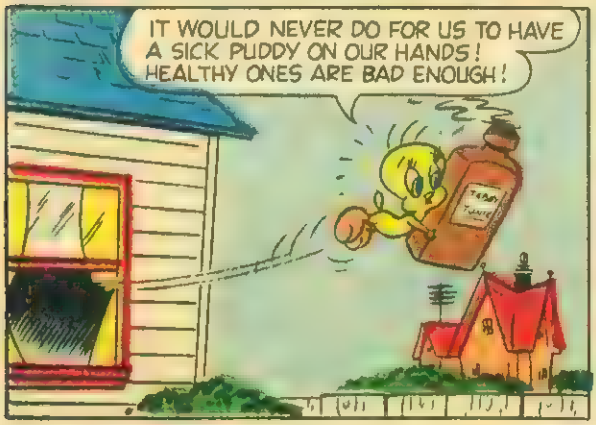

GOOD HEAVENS! IT DOES SOUND LIKE THE PUDDY IS CATCHING COLD AT THAT!
AH-CHOOOO!

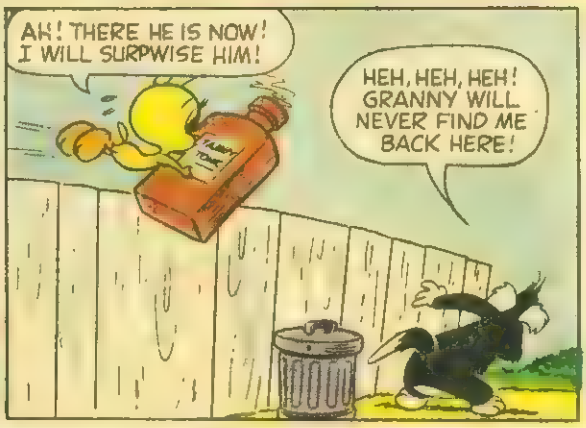

SYLVESTER!!
EGAD! HE DID IT AGAIN, AND HERE COMES GRANNY!

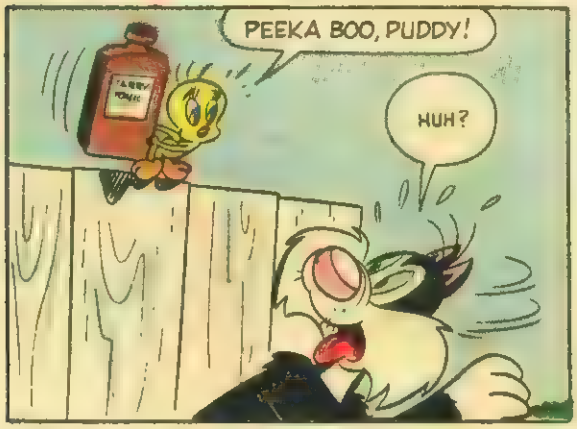

I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! NO MORE OF THAT TERRIBLE TONIC FOR ME!

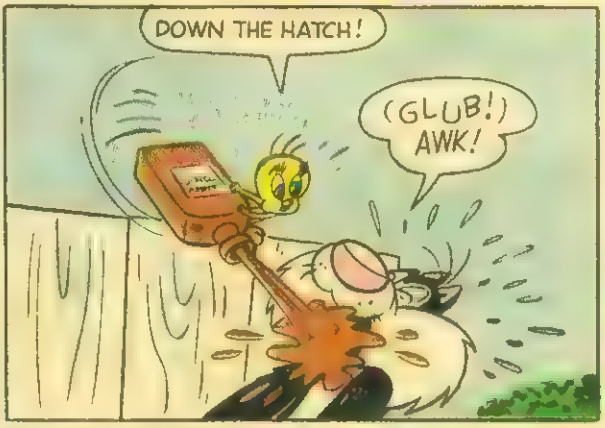

NOW WHERE DID HE GO? WITH ALL OF THAT SNEEZING, HE'S GOT TO TAKE MORE OF HIS TONIC OR WE'RE LIABLE TO HAVE A SICK KITTY ON OUR HANDS!

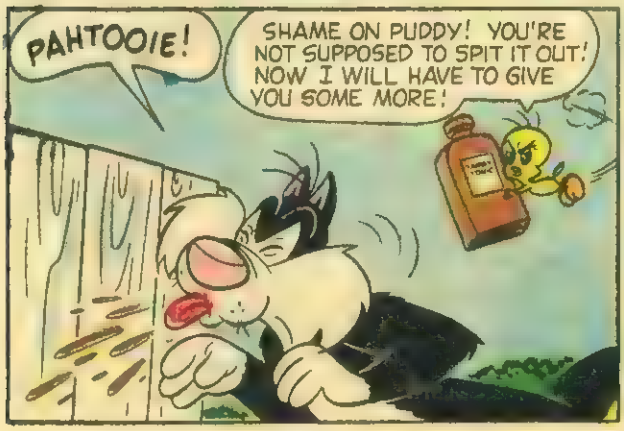

I SAW PUDDY TAT WUN OUT OF THE HOUSE, SO I WILL FIND HIM AND GIVE HIM HIS TONIC FOR GWANNY!
TABBY TONIC

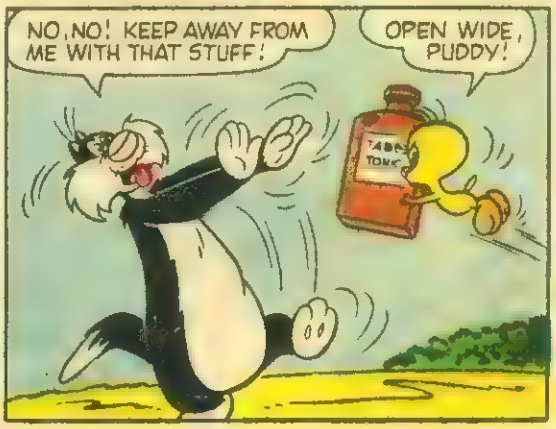

IT WOULD NEVER DO FOR US TO HAVE A SICK PUDDY ON OUR HANDS! HEALTHY ONES ARE BAD ENOUGH!

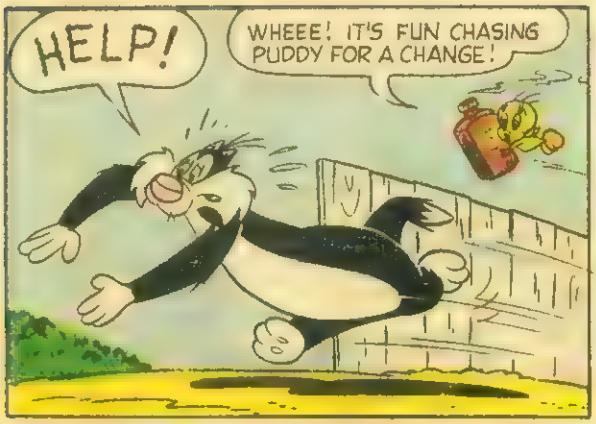

AH! THERE HE IS NOW! I WILL SURPWISE HIM!
HEH, HEH, HEH! GRANNY WILL NEVER FIND ME BACK HERE!

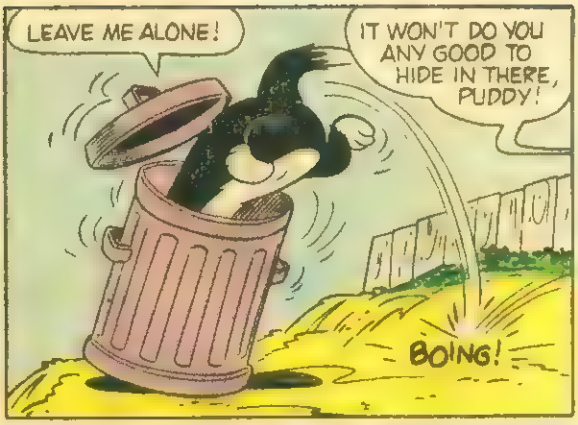

PEEKA BOO, PUDDY!
HUH?

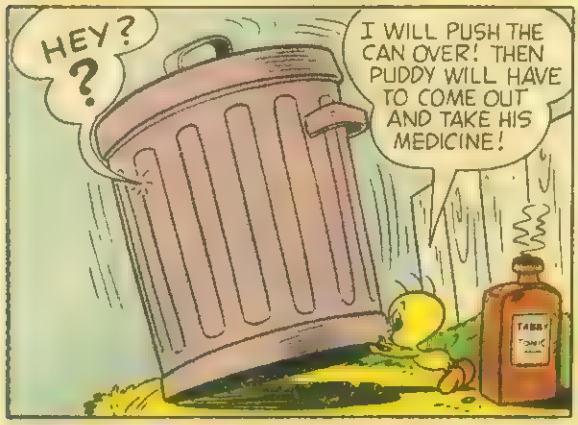

DOWN THE HATCH!
(GLUB!) AWK!

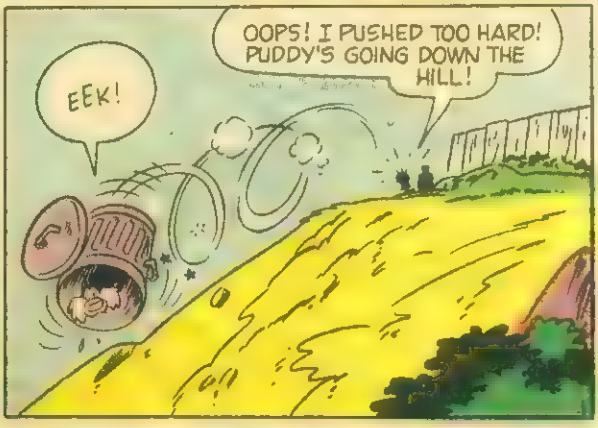

PAHTOOIE!
SHAME ON PUDDY! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SPIT IT OUT! NOW I WILL HAVE TO GIVE YOU SOME MORE!

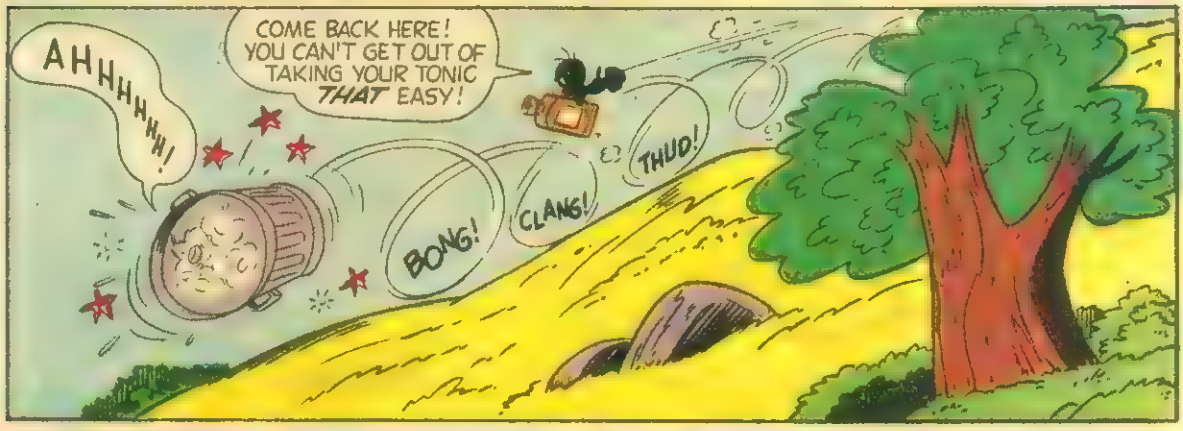

NO, NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME WITH THAT STUFF!
OPEN WIDE, PUDDY!

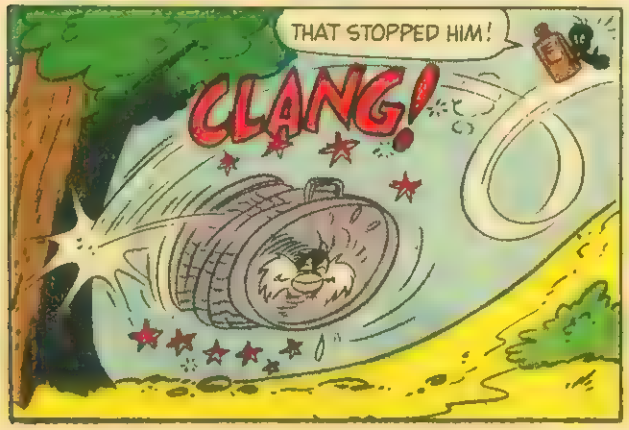

HELP!
WHEEE! IT'S FUN CHASING PUDDY FOR A CHANGE!

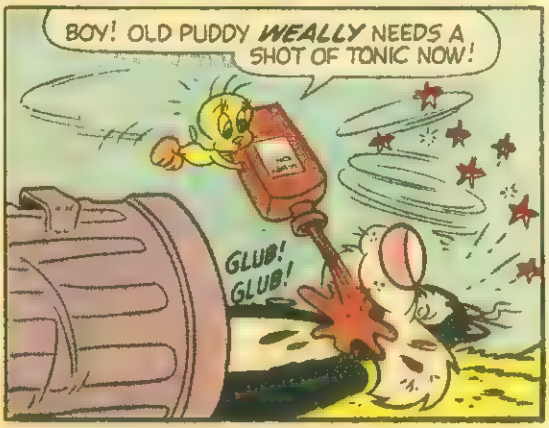

LEAVE ME ALONE!
IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD TO HIDE IN THERE, PUDDY!
BOING!

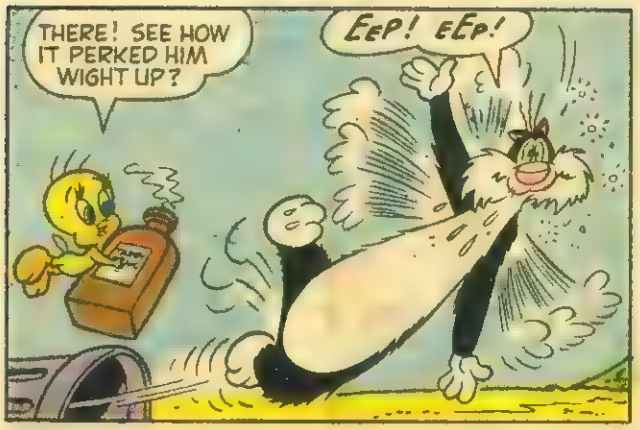

HEY?
?
I WILL PUSH THE CAN OVER! THEN PUDDY WILL HAVE TO COME OUT AND TAKE HIS MEDICINE!

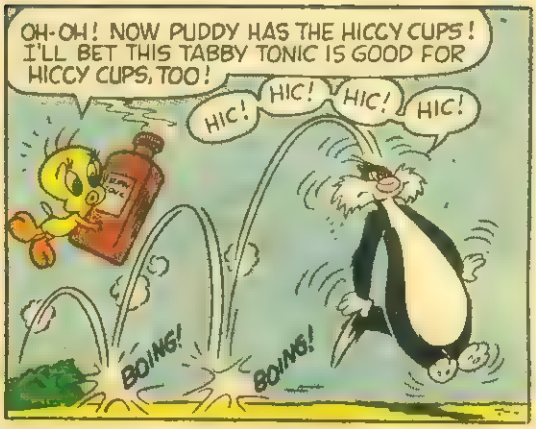

EEK!
OOPS! I PUSHED TOO HARD! PUDDY'S GOING DOWN THE HILL!

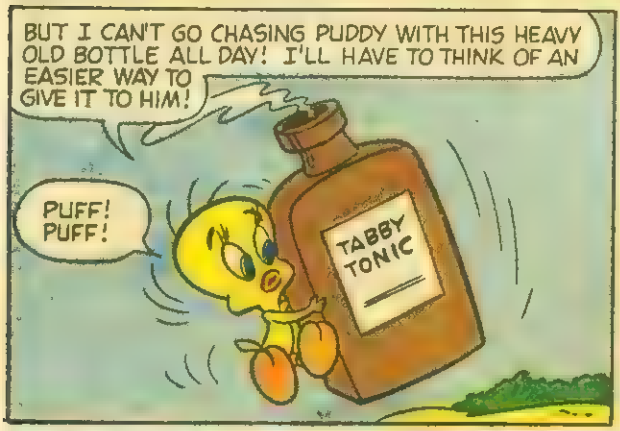

AHHHHHH!
COME BACK HERE! YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF TAKING YOUR TONIC *THAT* EASY!
BONG!
CLANG!
THUD!


THAT STOPPED HIM!
CLANG!

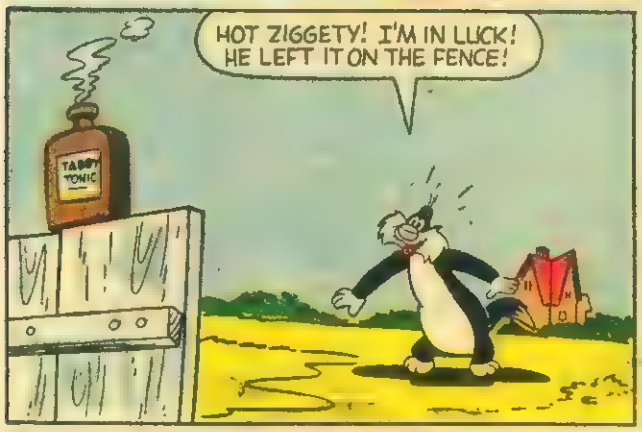

BOY! OLD PUDDY *WEALLY* NEEDS A SHOT OF TONIC NOW!
GLUB! GLUB!

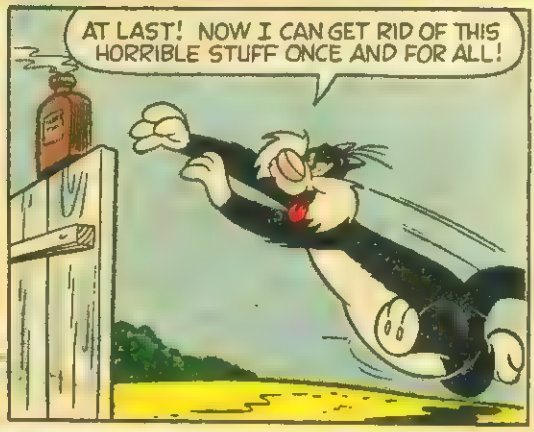

THERE! SEE HOW IT PERKED HIM WIGHT UP?
EEP! EEP!

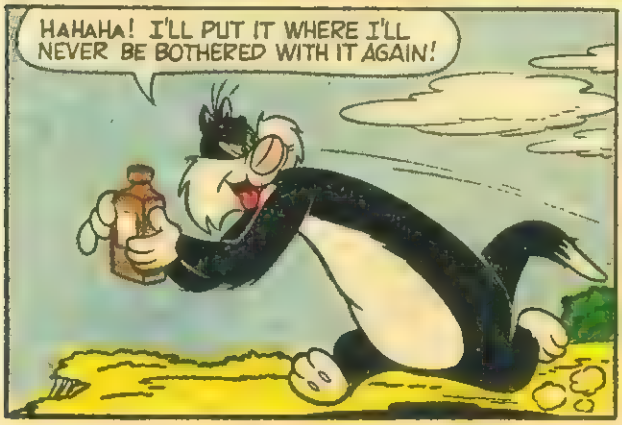

OH-OH! NOW PUDDY HAS THE HICCY CUPS! I'LL BET THIS TABBY TONIC IS GOOD FOR HICCY CUPS, TOO!
HIC!
HIC!
HIC!
HIC!
BOING!
BOING!


BUT I CAN'T GO CHASING PUDDY WITH THIS HEAVY OLD BOTTLE ALL DAY! I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF AN EASIER WAY TO GIVE IT TO HIM!
PUFF! PUFF!
TABBY TONIC

SHEEESH! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET THAT BOTTLE AWAY FROM HIM OR I'M FINISHED!

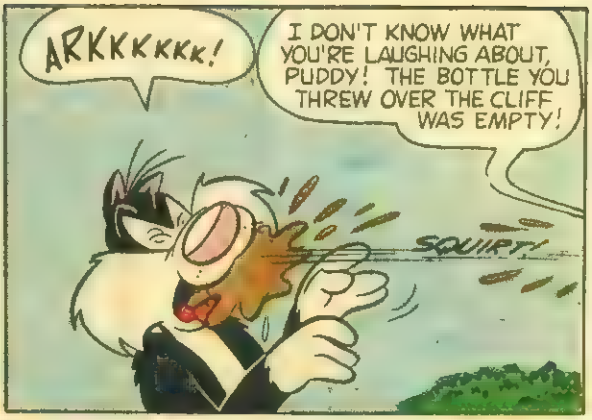

HOT ZIGGETY! I'M IN LUCK! HE LEFT IT ON THE FENCE!
TABBY TONIC

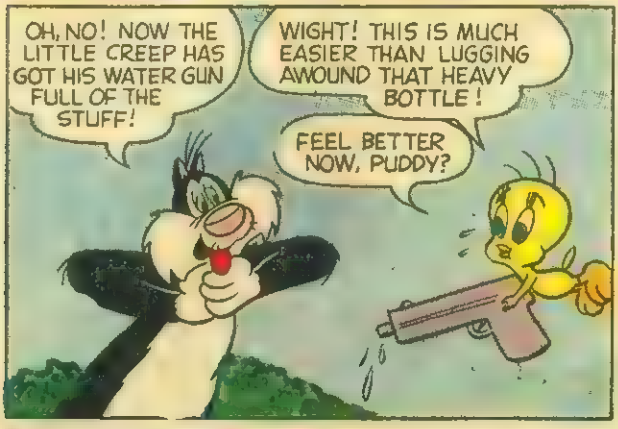

AT LAST! NOW I CAN GET RID OF THIS HORRIBLE STUFF ONCE AND FOR ALL!

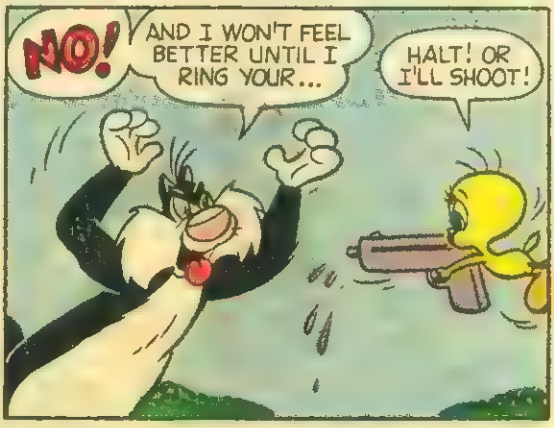

HAHAHA! I'LL PUT IT WHERE I'LL NEVER BE BOTHERED WITH IT AGAIN!

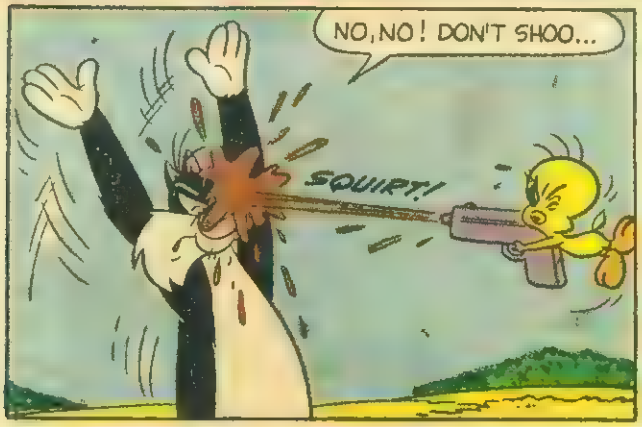
AND THAT'S THAT!

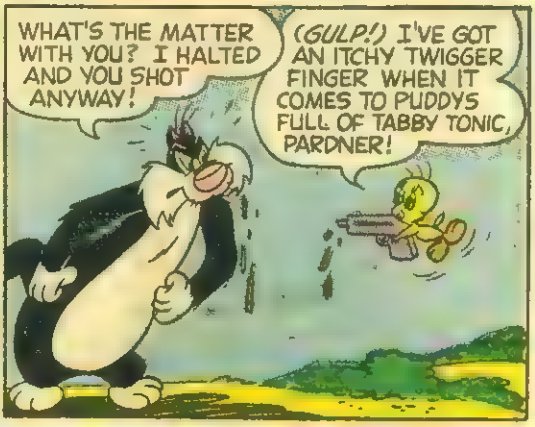
HA! HA! HA! HA!
IT'S GONE! I'LL NEVER HAVE TO TASTE THAT AWFIJL...

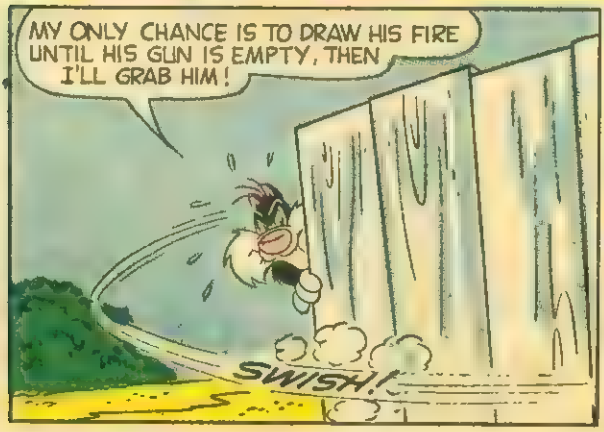

ARKKKKKK!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LAUGHING ABOUT, PUDDY! THE BOTTLE YOU THREW OVER THE CLIFF WAS EMPTY!
SQUIRT!

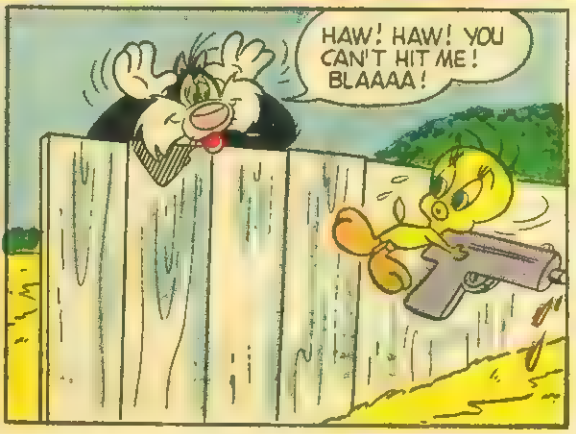

OH, NO! NOW THE LITTLE CREEP HAS GOT HIS WATER GUN FULL OF THE STUFF!
WIGHT! THIS IS MUCH EASIER THAN LUGGING AWOUND THAT HEAVY BOTTLE!
FEEL BETTER NOW, PUDDY?

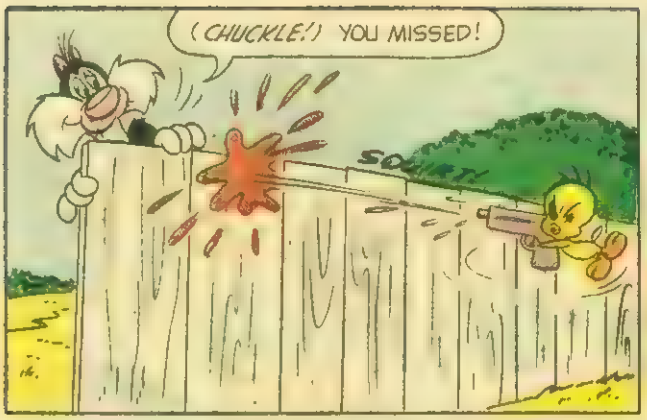

NO!
AND I WON'T FEEL BETTER UNTIL I RING YOUR...
HALT! OR I'LL SHOOT!

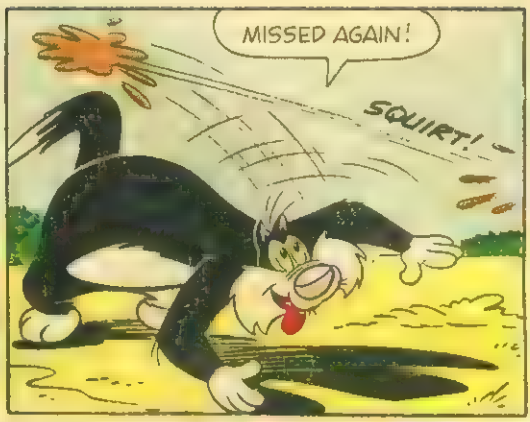

NO, NO! DON'T SHOO...
SQUIRT!

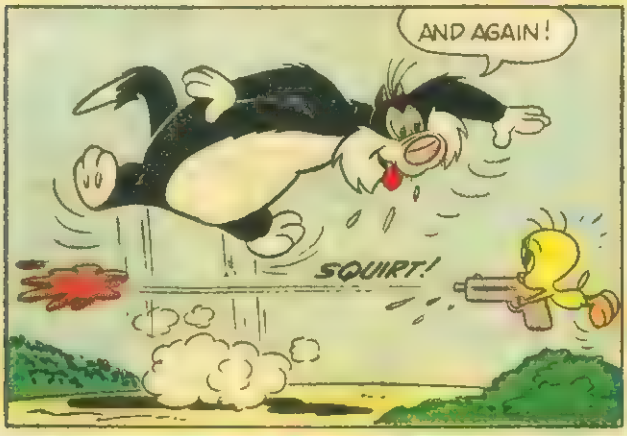

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? I HALTED AND YOU SHOT ANYWAY!
(GULP!) I'VE GOT AN ITCHY TWIGGER FINGER WHEN IT COMES TO PUDDYS FULL OF TABBY TONIC, PARDNER!


MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO DRAW HIS FIRE UNTIL HIS GUN IS EMPTY, THEN I'LL GRAB HIM!
SWISH!


HAW! HAW! YOU CAN'T HIT ME! BLAAAA!

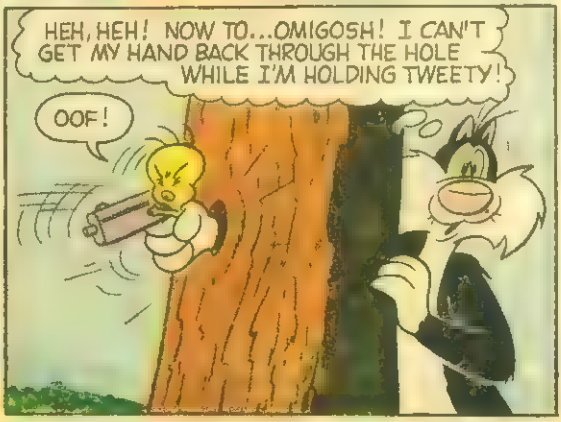

(CHUCKLE!) YOU MISSED!
SQUIRT!

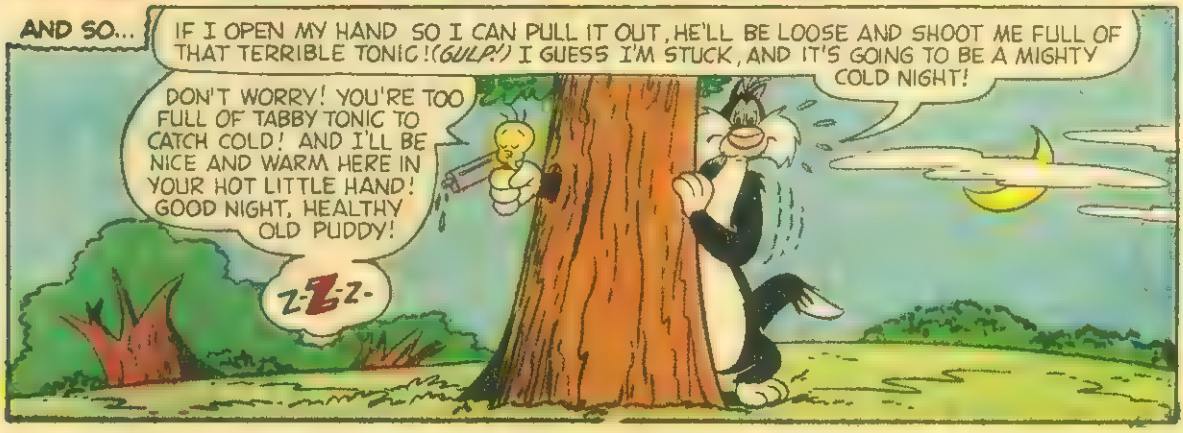

MISSED AGAIN!
SQUIRT!


AND AGAIN!
SQUIRT!

I'VE ONLY GOT ONE MORE SHOT LEFT! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT COUNT!
HUMM! ONLY ONE SHOT LEFT! MAYBE I CAN GRAB HIM THROUGH THE HOLE IN THIS TREE!

HAW! I GOT HIM!
OOPS!


HEH, HEH! NOW TO...OMIGOSH! I CAN'T GET MY HAND BACK THROUGH THE HOLE WHILE I'M HOLDING TWEETY!
OOF!


AND SO...
IF I OPEN MY HAND SO I CAN PULL IT OUT, HE'LL BE LOOSE AND SHOOT ME FULL OF THAT TERRIBLE TONIC! (GULP!) I GUESS I'M STUCK, AND IT'S GOING TO BE A MIGHTY COLD NIGHT!
DON'T WORRY! YOU'RE TOO FULL OF TABBY TONIC TO CATCH COLD! AND I'LL BE NICE AND WARM HERE IN YOUR HOT LITTLE HAND! GOOD NIGHT, HEALTHY OLD PUDDY!
Z-Z-Z-

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS Present

Tweety and SYLVESTER

in THE CAUGHT CAT

DOODNESS DWACIOUS! MY LITTLE EYEBALLS MUST BE SEEING THINGS! THAT BUSH LOOKS LIKE IT'S MOVING!

TIPPY

TIP

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW IF I CAN ONLY...

AWK! NO *WONDER* THE BUSH IS MOVING! THERE'S A *PUDDY TAT* IN THERE!

IT'S AN *AMBUSH! HELP!* PUDDY TAT IS HIDING IN THE BUSH! *HELP!*

NIX, TWEETY! I'M NOT TRYING TO AMBUSH YOU! SHHH! QUIET!

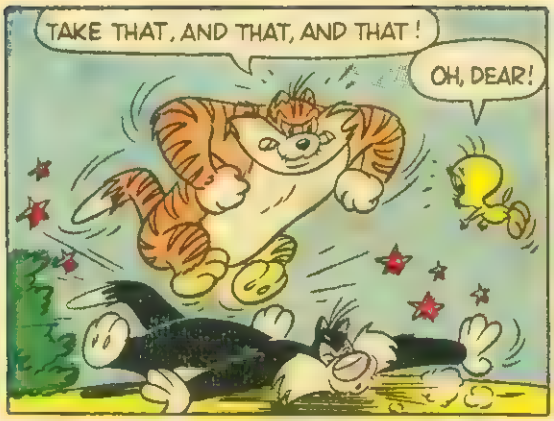
SO! IT'S YOU, IS IT?

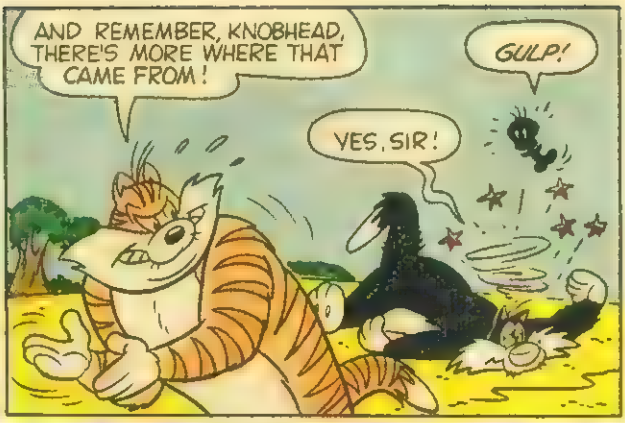
NOW, BUTCH... EASY...EASY...

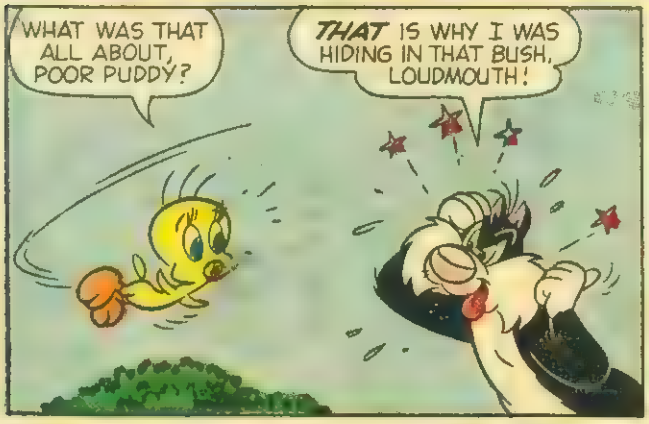
?

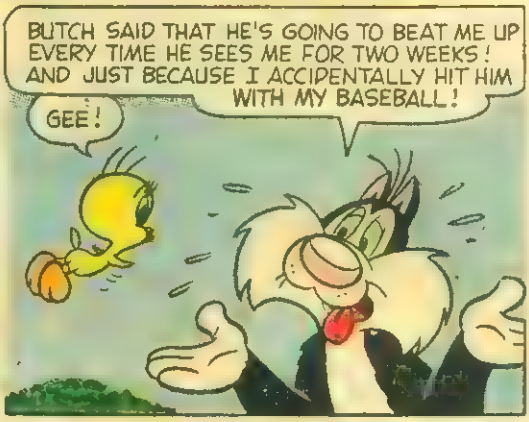
I'LL TEACH YOU THAT I MEAN WHAT I SAY!

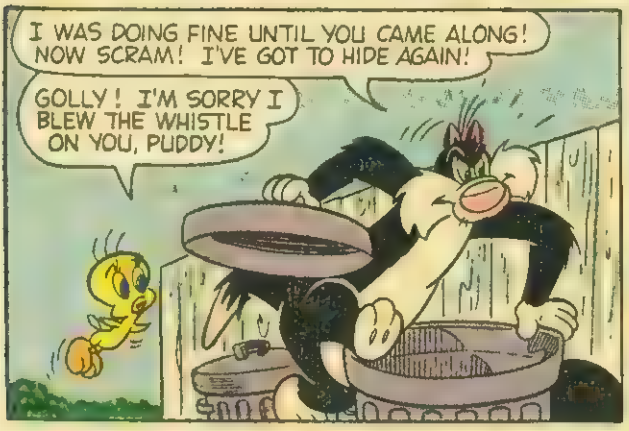
AWK!

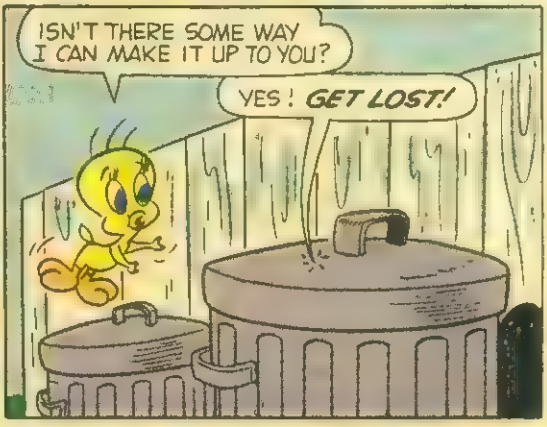

TAKE THAT, AND THAT, AND THAT!
OH, DEAR!

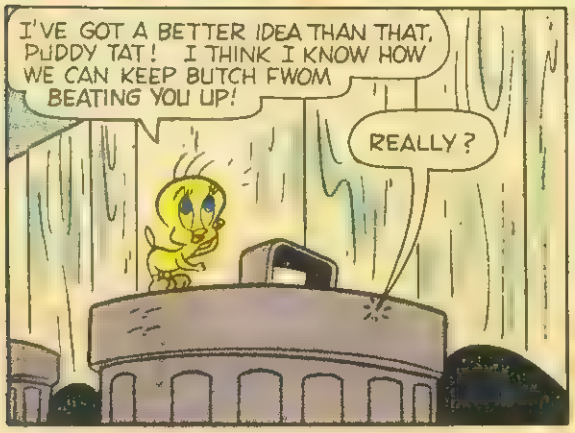

AND REMEMBER, KNOBHEAD, THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
GULP!
YES, SIR!

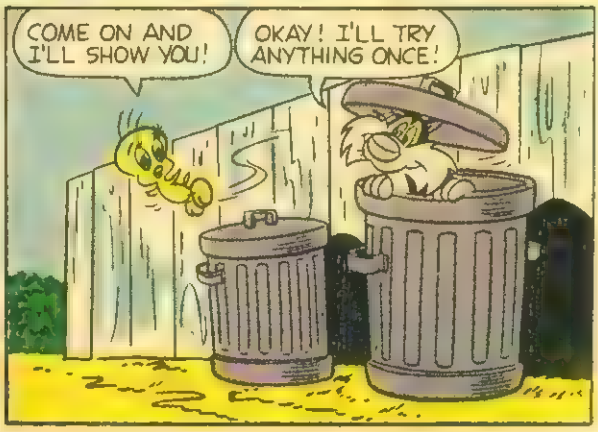

WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT, POOR PUDDY?
THAT IS WHY I WAS HIDING IN THAT BUSH, LOUDMOUTH!

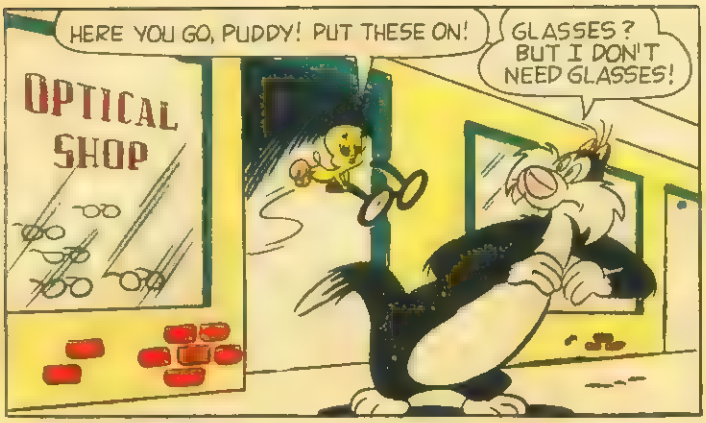

BUTCH SAID THAT HE'S GOING TO BEAT ME UP EVERY TIME HE SEES ME FOR TWO WEEKS! AND JUST BECAUSE I ACCIDENTALLY HIT HIM WITH MY BASEBALL!
GEE!

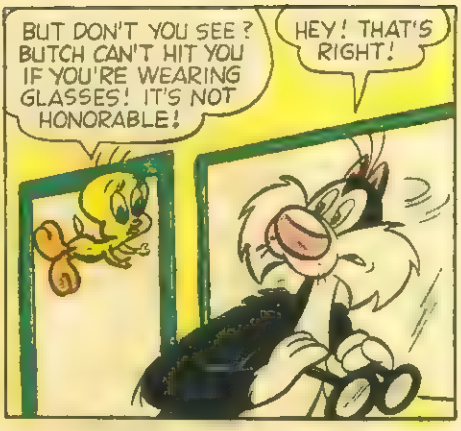

I WAS DOING FINE UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG! NOW SCRAM! I'VE GOT TO HIDE AGAIN!
GOLLY! I'M SORRY I BLEW THE WHISTLE ON YOU, PUDDY!

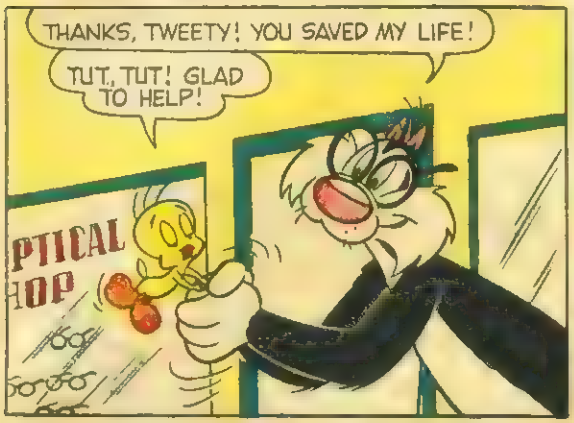

ISN'T THERE SOME WAY I CAN MAKE IT UP TO YOU?
YES! GET LOST!

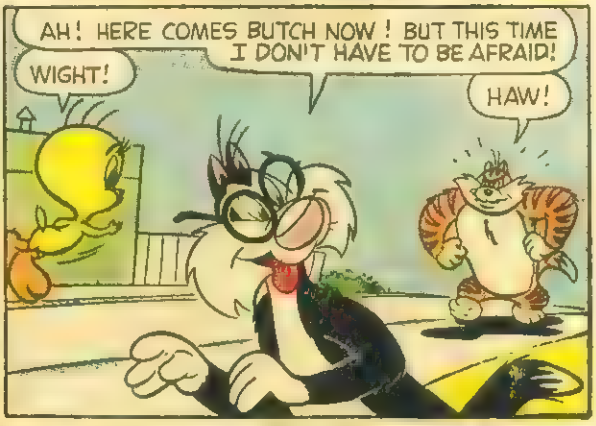

I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA THAN THAT, PUDDY TAT! I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN KEEP BUTCH FWOM BEATING YOU UP!
REALLY?

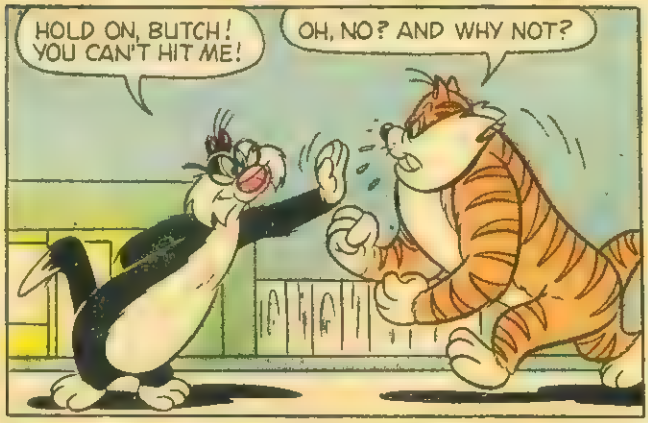

COME ON AND I'LL SHOW YOU!
OKAY! I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!

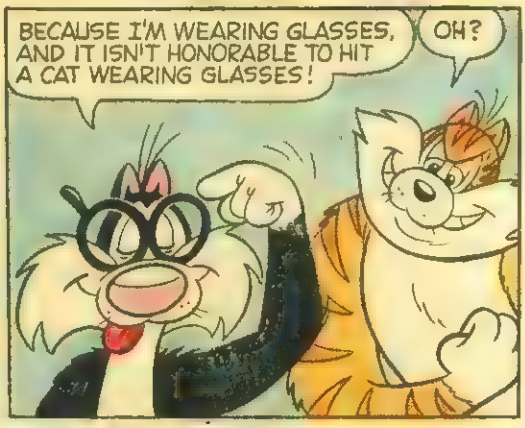

HERE YOU GO, PUDDY! PUT THESE ON!
GLASSES? BUT I DON'T NEED GLASSES!
OPTICAL SHOP


BUT DON'T YOU SEE? BUTCH CAN'T HIT YOU IF YOU'RE WEARING GLASSES! IT'S NOT HONORABLE!
HEY! THAT'S RIGHT!

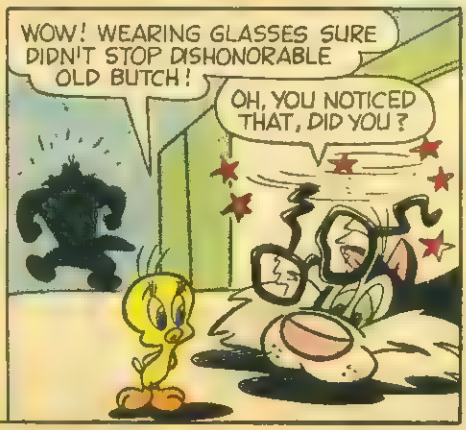

THANKS, TWEETY! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
TUT, TUT! GLAD TO HELP!


AH! HERE COMES BUTCH NOW! BUT THIS TIME I DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID!
WIGHT!
HAW!

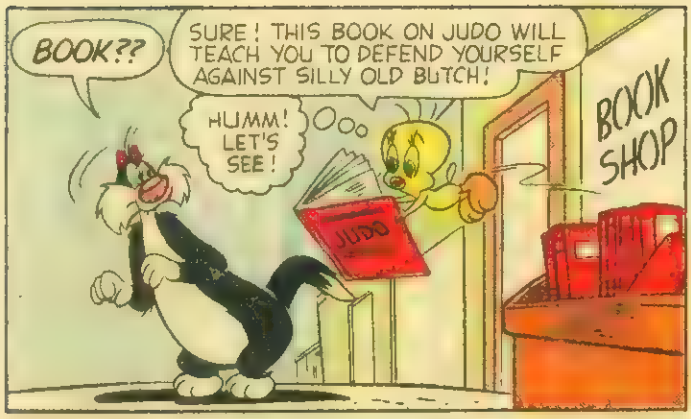

HOLD ON, BUTCH! YOU CAN'T HIT ME!
OH, NO? AND WHY NOT?

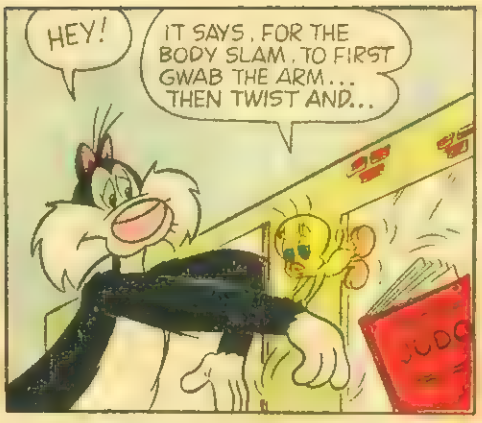

BECAUSE I'M WEARING GLASSES, AND IT ISN'T HONORABLE TO HIT A CAT WEARING GLASSES!
OH?

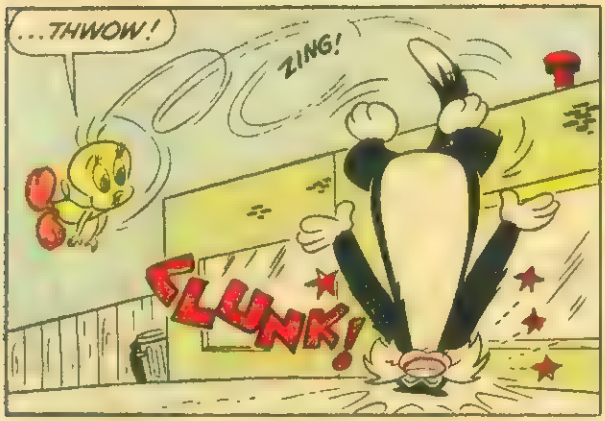
POW!

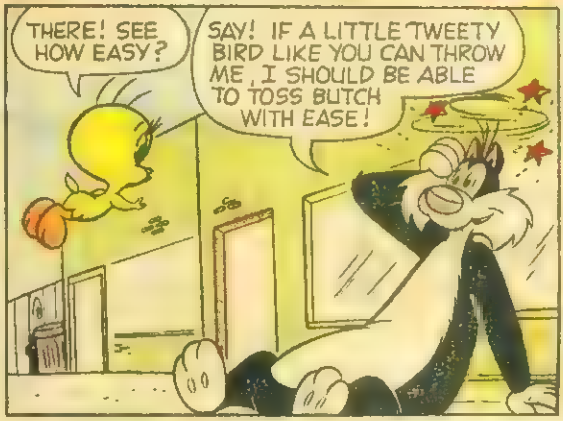

WOW! WEARING GLASSES SURE DIDN'T STOP DISHONORABLE OLD BUTCH!
OH, YOU NOTICED THAT, DID YOU?

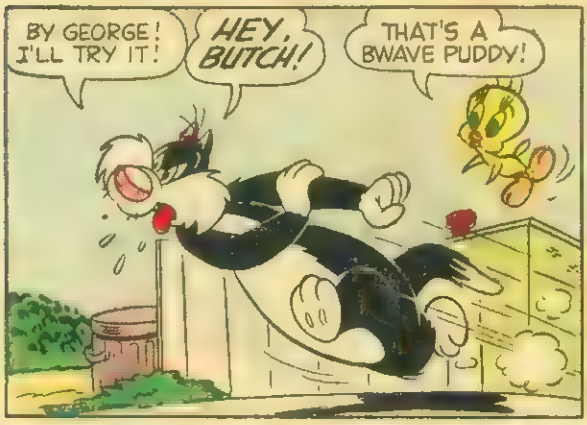
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE TOWN FOR TWO WEEKS!
WAIT, PUDDY! I SEE A BOOK THAT MIGHT HELP YOU!
BOOK SHOP

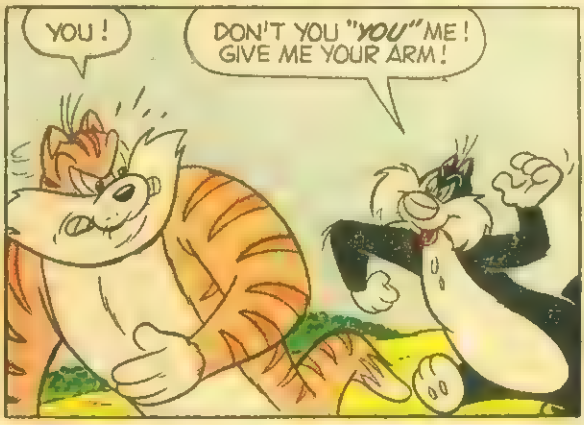

BOOK??
SURE! THIS BOOK ON JUDO WILL TEACH YOU TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST SILLY OLD BUTCH!
HUMM! LET'S SEE!
JUDO
BOOK SHOP

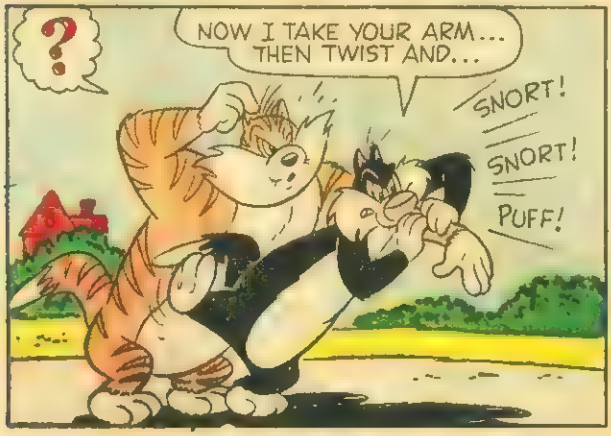

HEY!
IT SAYS, FOR THE BODY SLAM, TO FIRST GWAB THE ARM... THEN TWIST AND...
JUDO

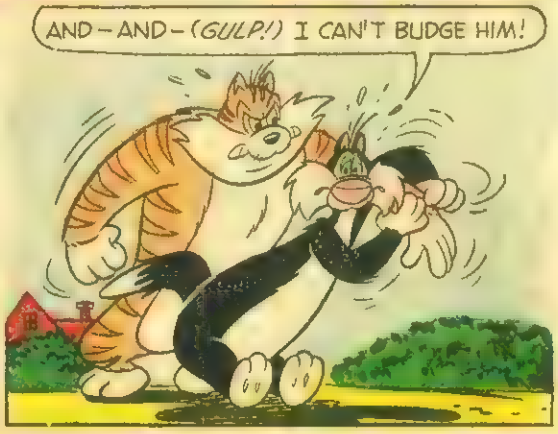

...THWOW!
ZING!
SLUNK!

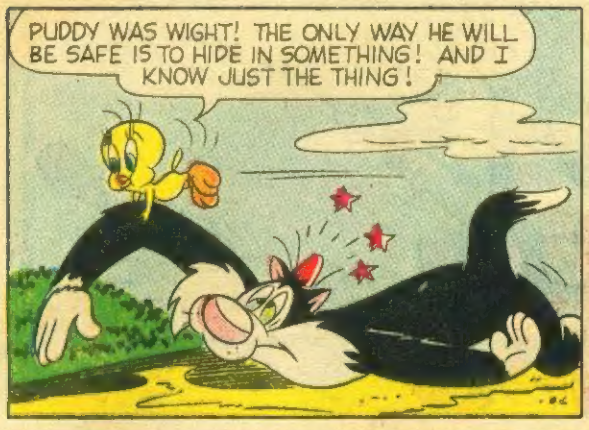

THERE! SEE HOW EASY?
SAY! IF A LITTLE TWEETY BIRD LIKE YOU CAN THROW ME, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO TOSS BUTCH WITH EASE!

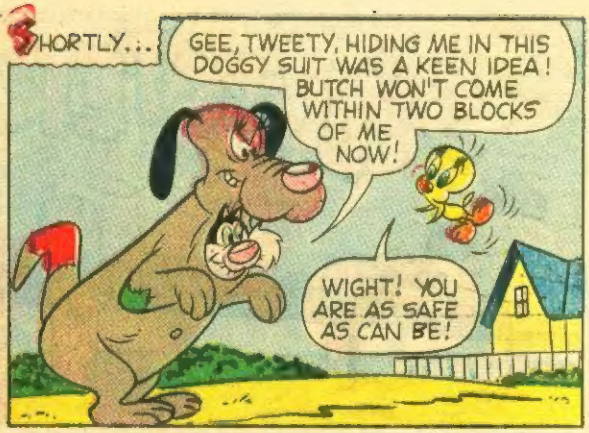

BY GEORGE! I'LL TRY IT!
HEY, BUTCH!
THAT'S A BWAVE PUDDY!

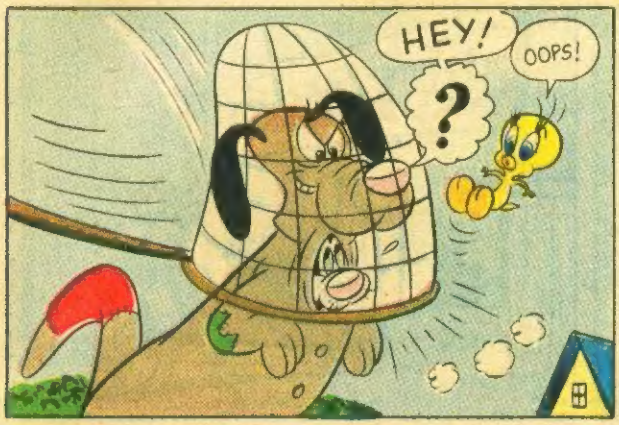

YOU!
DON'T YOU "YOU" ME! GIVE ME YOUR ARM!


?
NOW I TAKE YOUR ARM... THEN TWIST AND...
SNORT!
SNORT!
PUFF!


AND – AND – (GULP!) I CAN'T BUDGE HIM!







STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Tweety and Sylvester published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

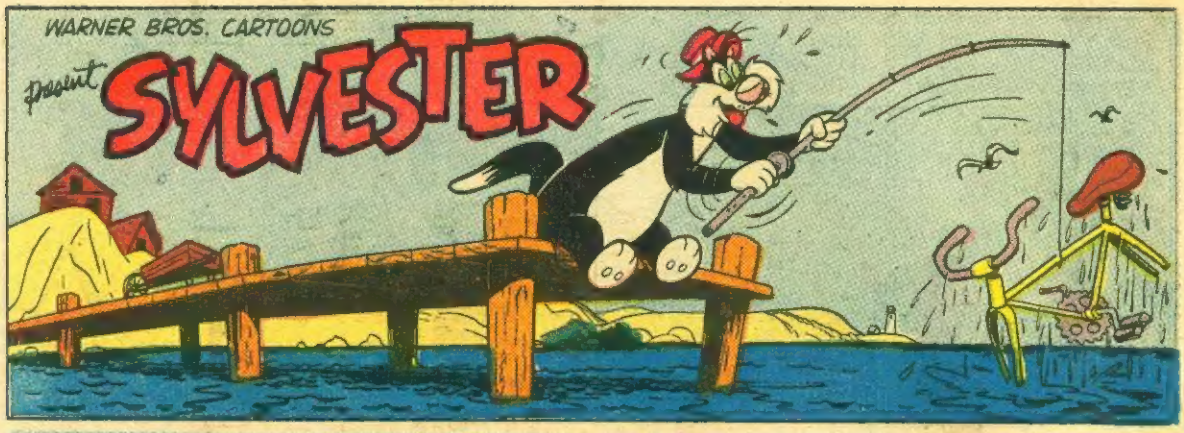
3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

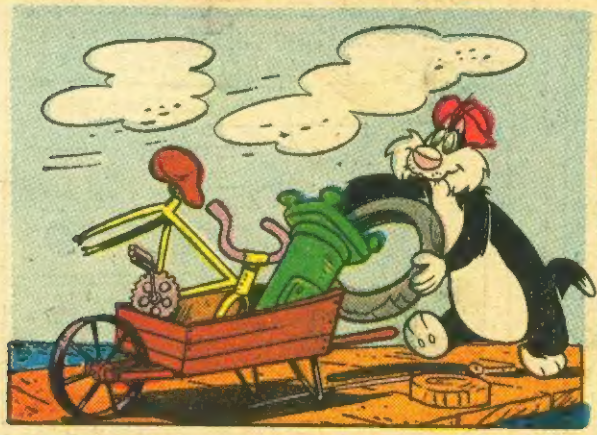
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

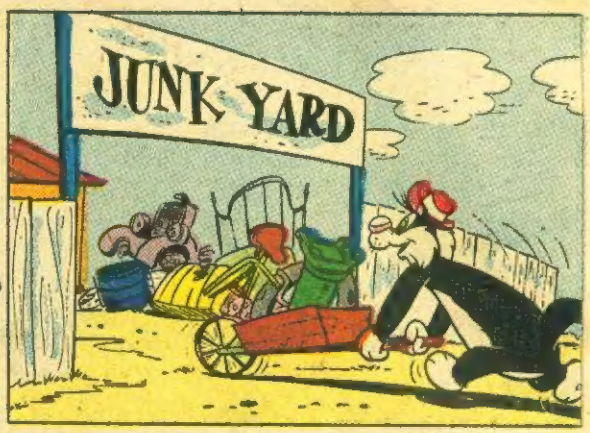
(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

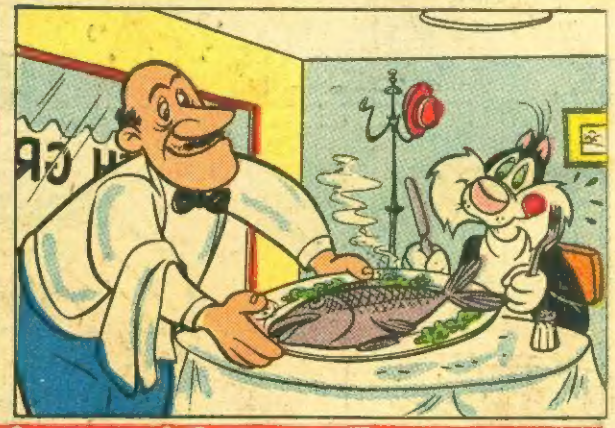
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1957.

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1958)









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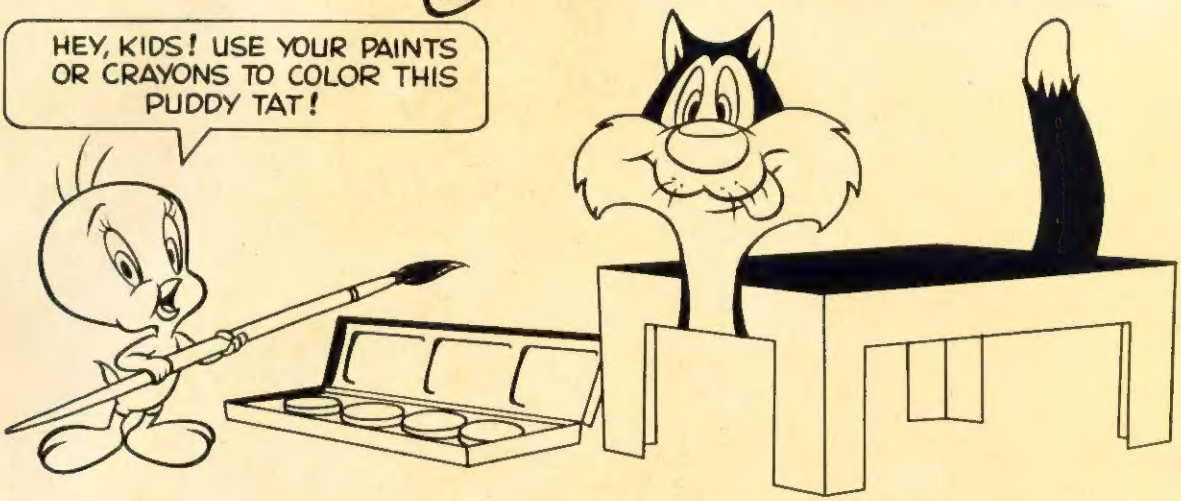
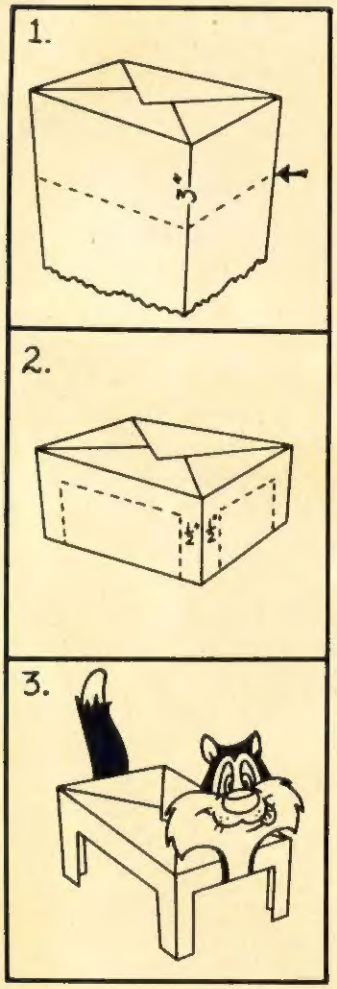
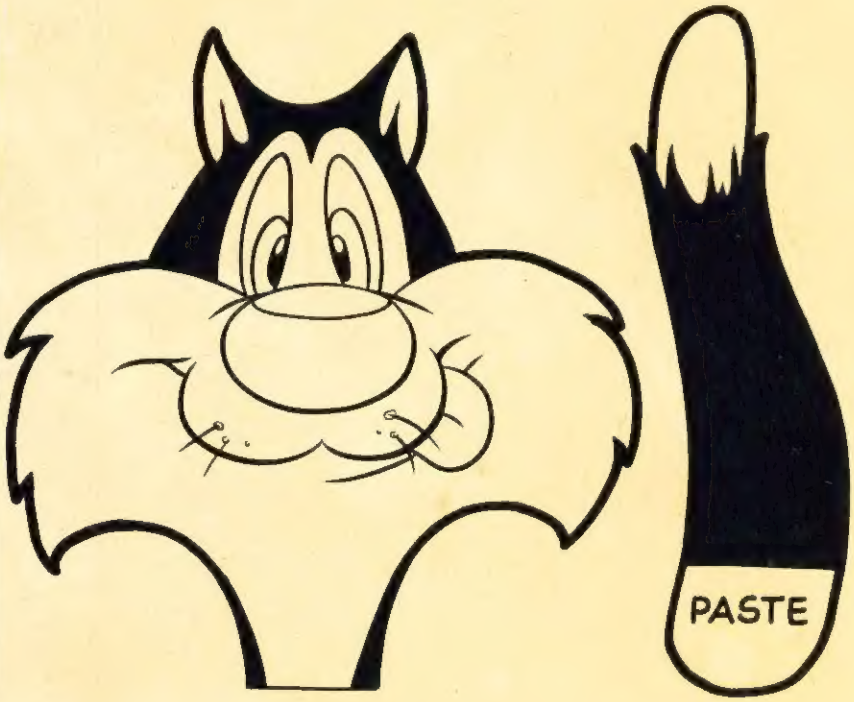




Make your own 3-D Sylvester by following these three easy steps! First, take a small-size (3¼" x 5¼") paper bag, measure three inches from the bottom, and cut away the rest. Second, cut the bag as shown in diagram 2., making Sylvester's legs about ½ inch wide. Third, cut out Sylvester's head and tail and paste into position. Then, follow Tweety's artful suggestion!



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